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Second Series

A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY

BRITISH AND AMERICAN POEMS
OF THE WORLD WAR
1914–1919

SECOND SERIES

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY
GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE
Professor of English in the University of Tennessee

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To All Those Who
Died for Freedom

"Now let us all for the Perssy praye
To Jhesu most of myght,
To bryng hys sowlle to the blysse of heven,
For he was a gentyll knyght."

— *The Battle of Otterburn.*

"Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour 's at the stake."

— *William Shakespeare.*

"Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war,
Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb;
The Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
And casts them out upon the darkened earth,
Prepare, prepare!"

— *William Blake*

"O Englishmen! — in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We too are heirs of Runnymede;
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
Are not alone our mother's.

"'Thicker than water,' in one rill
Through centuries of story
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

"Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave
Nor length of years can part us;
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,
The common freehold of the brave,
The gifts of saints and martyrs."

— *John Greenleaf Whittier*

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Mrs. Beatrice W. Ravenel and the *Atlantic Monthly:* — "Missing."

Rev. Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley: — "Going to the Front."

Rev. G. E. Rees and the *Westminster Gazette:* — "Telling the Bees."

Mr. Cecil Roberts and the *Poetry Review:* —"Watchmen of the Night."

Mr. Morley Roberts and the *Westminster Gazette:* — "To America" and "The Merchantmen," from *War Lyrics* (Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, London).

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Ronald Ross and the *Poetry Review:* — "Apocalypse."

Mr. George W. Russell ("A. E.") and the London *Times:* — "Gods of War" and "Shadows and Lights"; Mr. Russell and Messrs. Macmillan & Company: — "The Last Hero."

Captain Siegfried Sassoon (by Lieutenant Robert Nichols): — "The Troops" and "Trench Duty," from *Counter-Attack, and Other Poems* (Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, and William Heinemann, London).

Lieutenant Robert Haven Schauffler: — "After Action."

Mr. Clinton Scollard: — "A Summer Morning," from *Let the Flag Wave* (Messrs. James T. White & Company, New York).

Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott: — "To a Canadian Lad Killed in the War," from *Lundy's Lane, and Other Poems* (The George H. Doran Company, New York, and Messrs. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto); Mr. Scott and *Scribner's Magazine:* — "To a Canadian Aviator who Died for his Country in France."

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick George Scott: — "The Silent Toast" (Messrs. Constable & Company, London).

Sir Owen Seaman and *Punch:* — "To the Memory of Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener."

Captain William G. Shakespeare: — "The Cathe-

dral," from *Ypres, and Other Poems.* (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, London).

Professor Odell Shepard: — "The Hidden Weaver," from *A Lonely Flute* (Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company).

Professor Stuart P. Sherman and the *Nation* (New York): — "Kaiser and Counsellor."

Mr. Edward Shillito and the London *Chronicle:* — "Invalided."

Miss C. Fox Smith: — "Farewell to Anzac" (the *Spectator*) and "St. George of England," from *Fighting Men* (Elkin Mathews, London); Miss Smith and *Punch:* — "The North Sea Ground." By permission also of the George H. Doran Company, New York.

Miss Marion Couthouy Smith and the *Nation* (New York): — "Sainte Jeanne of France," from *The Final Star* (Messrs. James T. White & Company, New York).

Mr. W. Snow and the *Oxford Magazine:* — "The Ghosts of Oxford."

Professor William R. Sorley: — "A Letter from the Trenches" and "The Dead," by the late Captain Charles Hamilton Sorley, from *Marlborough, and Other Poems* (The Cambridge University Press).

Mr. George Sterling and the *Delineator:* — "Henri."

Rev. William G. Thayer and the *Atlantic Monthly*: — "The Dead," by Lieutenant Sigourney Thayer.

Mr. Rowland Thirlmere: — "Richmond Park," from *Diogenes at Athens, and Other Poems* (Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, London); and "Gassed."

Miss Edith M. Thomas and *Harper's Magazine:* — "The Red Cross Nurse."

The late Professor Thomas Trotter: — "The Poplars," and "A Kiss," by the late Bernard Freeman Trotter, from *A Canadian Twilight, and Other Poems of War and of Peace* (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, and the George H. Doran Company, New York).

Dr. Henry van Dyke and *Scribner's Magazine:* — "The Peaceful Warrior."

Mrs. G. O. Warren: — "The Spectral Army," "Peace," and "The Endless Army," from *Trackless Regions* (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company, New York); Mrs. Warren and the *Spectator:* — "Fulfilment."

Sir William Watson: — "The Battle of the Bight," from *The Man Who Saw, and Other Poems Arising out of the War* (John Murray, London, and Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York).

Miss Blanche Weitbrec and the *New York Times:* — "A Ballade of Broken Things."

Mrs. Edith Wharton, the *Century Magazine,* and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons: — "Battle Sleep."

Miss Margaret Widdemer: — "Homes," from *The Old Road to Paradise* (Messrs. Henry Holt & Company).

Mrs. Fredeline Wilson, the *Westminster Gazette,* and Mr. Harold Monro, The Poetry Bookshop, London: — "Magpies in Picardy" and "Sportsmen in Paradise," by the late Captain T. P. Cameron Wilson.

Miss Margaret Adelaide Wilson and the *Yale Review:* — "Gervais."

Miss Marjorie Wilson and the *Spectator:* — "To Tony (Aged 3)"; Miss Wilson and the *Westminster Gazette:* — "The Devonshire Mother."

Lieutenant E. Armine Wodehouse and the *Fortnightly Review:* — "Before Ginchy"; "Next Morning," from *On Leave* (Elkin Mathews, London).

Dr. George Edward Woodberry and the *Atlantic Monthly:* — "To the Wingless Victory"; Dr. Woodberry and the *North American Review:* — "Roumania"; Dr. Woodberry and *Scribner's Magazine:* — "Edith Cavell."

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods and the *Fortnightly Review:* — "The First Battle of Ypres."

Lieutenant-Commander E. Hilton Young and the *Cornhill Magazine:* — "Memories."

The *Canadian Magazine:* — "Ruins," by George Herbert Clarke.

The *Spectator:* — "Christ in Flanders," by L. W.; and "To my Brother," by the late Flight-Commander Miles Jeffrey Game Day.

The London *Times:* — "Outward Bound," by the late Lieutenant Nowell Oxland.

Messrs. Cassell & Company, London, and the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York: — "A Confession of Faith," by Captain James Sprent, from *The Anzac Book* (Anzac Book Committee).

The George H. Doran Company, New York: — "Kings" and "The New School," from *Main Street, and Other Poems*, by the late Sergeant Joyce Kilmer.

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company and the *Century Magazine:* — "A Finger and a Huge, Thick Thumb," by James Norman Hall.

Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., London: — "Evening in England," "The Place," "Evening Clouds," "Autumn Evening in Serbia," and "The Homecoming of the Sheep," from *Songs of Peace*, by the late Lance-Corporal Francis Ledwidge, edited by Captain Lord Dunsany.

John Murray and the *New Witness:* — "God's Hills," by the late Lieutenant William Noel Hodgson ("Edward Melbourne").

INTRODUCTION

The demand for a Second Series of A Treasury of War Poetry led the Editor, nearly a year ago, to attempt the task of satisfying it.

With the close of the Great War, it has become possible to assemble its poetic voices, and to enlarge, with due regard for proportion, the choir presented in the First Series. Lest, in preparing the new volume, he should overlook good work produced during the earlier years of the war, but, for whatever reason, not included in the first collection, the Editor has required himself to review the output of British and American war poetry, so far as it has seemed available in periodical literature, in individual books of verse, and in manuscripts. The chief difficulty experienced has been due to the necessity of eliminating some material that he would willingly have retained had the scope of his effort permitted.

War, adventure, the mysteries of faith, the changeful aspects of Nature (whether virgin or domesticated), and romantic love, — about these themes, or some variation or interrelation of them, the poets have always wondered and sung. From all five of them derives a sense of anticipation, of discovery, of Platonic reminiscence. The significance of human life, the riddle of its essential quality, the meaning of its discipline, the secret of its destiny, — these questions challenge the poet most of all. From this vantage and from that he attacks them with all the imaginative

ardour at his command, hoping that he may somewhere disengage a hint of latent harmony, may lessen in some degree the perplexities of that "boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-Grotto," — our human life. What is a poem, then, but a spiritual impulse and adventure shaped and realized (in part at least) in words of inspiring beauty, of passionate sincerity, of creative insight? But since life is whole, the artistic interpretation of life tends progressively toward unity. Poetry, says a true poet,[1] "is, on the one hand, a spirit, animating one individual here and another there; on the other hand, in its outward manifestations, it is a collection of works produced by that spirit working in individuals." So Shelley speaks of "that great poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world." And Sir William Watson writes: —

> ". . . 'neath the unifying sun,
> Many the songs — but Song is one."

In a sense, then, we do less than justice to the spirit of poetry when we assign its outward manifestations too readily to class and category, save only as the study of form and manner may require. The phrase "war poetry" is a convenient one, but war poetry, after all, may be as broadly comprehensive in its insights and occasions as poetry which has no relation to war. If it be worthy, it is the finely wrought record of a sympathetic reaction to the enkindling heroisms of war, or of an antipathetic reaction to its sorrows, its brutalities and its uglinesses. Nobly conceived and

[1] Sir Henry Newbolt: *A New Study of English Poetry* (Constable, London; Dutton, New York).

expressed as are not a few poems written by combatants, the contention that the soldier-poet must possess more authentic power as an interpreter of war than his equally endowed but non-militant fellow is, I think, without warrant. The history of war poetry does not so attest. When we respond to the epical struggles in Homer and Milton and Spenser, or follow the unfolding of the great war-pageantry of Shakespeare, or stir to the ringing music of the martial ballads; when we re-create for ourselves Drayton's *Agincourt*, Lovelace's incomparable lyrics to Lucasta, Collins' *How Sleep the Brave*, Cowper's *Boadicea*, Scott's *Flodden Field* and *Bonny Dundee*, Campbell's *Hohenlinden*, *The Soldier's Dream*, and *The Battle of the Baltic*, Tennyson's *The Revenge*, *The Defence of Lucknow*, and *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, Browning's *Cavalier Tunes* and *Hervé Riel*, Walt Whitman's *Drum-Taps*, or Thomas Hardy's monumental drama, *The Dynasts;* — when these veritable war poems take hold upon us we have no need to seal our pleasure with any assurance that the writers did or did not physically participate in conflict. The true warrior-poet is born a poet, but becomes a warrior, and it is even possible that if his actual experience in war be too long continued it may dull and blunt that restless, inquiring, delicately registering organ, the poet's mind. The poet in the soldier, indeed, may rejoice at his experience so long as it offers food imaginatively convenient for him, but the essay at the artistic interpretation of war is, like all similar efforts, primarily a spiritual undertaking, conditioned rather upon qualities of personality than upon definite objective contacts, valuable as these latter may be in point of stimulus. Whether he

wear uniform or mufti, the war poet must *imagine* war, and imagination,[1] Carveth Read tells us, "is not made of particular fact, but of infinite analogies of things, and of things that were never observed or thought of until analogy called them to life." True poets, as Ibsen thought, are really far-sighted, whether the thing that inspires them be concretely near or far. Undoubtedly, the artist who functions in a world at peace might gain much from travel, should opportunity offer, but in any case he realizes that the world is made up of its own miniatures, and that he who interprets in a catholic spirit the life about him interprets all life. So, in a war-torn world, the poet becomes sensitively aware of the dreads and longings, the prides and pities, engendered by war within his own interior spirit and within the spirits of those about him. It is in these that the subtler meanings and realities of war are most surely to be found.

Two points of difference, however, between the militant and the non-militant war poet are sometimes appreciable. The fighting poet seems seldom to display a spirit of personal hatred toward the enemy, but apparently reserves his hatred for the impersonal Wrong for whose sake the enemy fights. This tendency is well illustrated by Lieutenant Joseph Lee's *German Prisoners;* the late Captain Charles Hamilton Sorley's sonnet, *To Germany;* Corporal Alexander Robertson's "*Thou Shalt Love Thine Enemies,*" and James Norman

[1] Carveth Read: *The Function of Relations in Thought* (*The British Journal of Psychology*, December, 1911).

Cf. the graphic story, *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane, written before he had experienced war at first-hand.

Hall's *Out of Flanders*. And again, the poet at the front, unless he be a determined Realist, often turns impatiently away from the attempt to represent actual warfare, and tries instead to visualize some emotional antidote. As Lord Crewe [1] has discerningly said, "it seems that the soldier who is also a writer is as likely to set his mind on green fields and spring flowers as on the bloody drama in which he is an actor, and to tune his lyre accordingly. . . . So that among the verse written by soldiers in this war it is not surprising to find as many poems recalling loves of home and memories of country days as proclaiming the delight of battle, or even the loftier summons of patriotism and duty. Some of this work of to-day, as we all know, transcends the lyrical faculty which is the frequent appanage of youth, and reaches the level of true poetry; some of it is made sacred by the death of the writer, and cannot be coldly weighed in the balance."

Whether or not, then, he be privileged to see war with the eye of sense, and to share its rigours and ardours with fellow-soldiers, the first duty of the war-poet toward his art is to *be* a poet, to discover the timeless and placeless in the momentary and parochial, and to bring back to us a true and moving report of the experience and behaviour of the human spirit during its recurrent struggles with its own worser self. If he be on active service, the poet will, like Archilochus, the more loyally render unto Ares the things that are Ares' because he continues to offer unto Apollo the things that are Apollo's. If he be involved in other than the military activities of war, he may have even

[1] The Marquess of Crewe: *War and English Poetry* (The English Association).

the greater need to preach to himself as to his readers the gospel of Art, and to carry his priesthood pure through moments of civic dejection or gusty passion. In either case, it will be his ultimate desire as a poet to develop and express (even though indirectly) a poet's philosophy of war. And his philosophy will be both stern and kind, both just and magnanimous. He will not quarrel about professional or political attitudes toward war. He will not quarrel about attitudes at all. He will see war now as a great and gallant adventure; now as an inevitable molecular movement; now as the abomination of desolation; now, perhaps, as Rowland Thirlmere sees it in *Nocturne:* —

"O silent heavens, where infinite kings abide,
What wars impassion the invisible spheres
That people you? What unimagined fears
Possess their habitants? Does excessive pride
Move them in cheerful hosts to fratricide?
Beyond the eternal hope of earth, do tears
Fall, as the unavengéd widow peers
Into the night with prayer unsatisfied?

"Gods against gods may war in agony, —
Sovereignties against sovereignties disperse
Their lightnings in unending enmity
Of good and ill, — and they whose thoughts accurse
Our world, perchance fight now vicariously
For secret princes of the universe."

Sometimes war will seem to the poet, despite its evils, to offer an ennobling spiritual enfranchisement in the face of danger and death, to encourage the soul to renounce the petty timidities and cautions to which the prosaic life of getting on in the world teaches men to conform. Sometimes he will persuade himself that war is, in its essence, merely the noun that corresponds

to the adjective dynamic, that it means effort, adventure, burden, growth, struggle, work, indeed the maintenance and development of one's being, that it includes every expression of ideas in the service of knowledge and wisdom, and that it is in this sense an inalienable condition of existence. And sometimes he will curse the very thought of war as he sees it oversweep all humanity's painful safeguards, attacking the Ariel of man's hopes to make room for his enemy Caliban, brazenly emerging like an international Mr. Hyde from a too trustful Dr. Jekyll, and "reeling back into the beast."

Thus he will be striking balances in mood and verdict, while the seemingly insoluble realities behind these conflicting thoughts continue to impinge upon one another. It is natural enough, therefore, that the long debate between Romanticism and Realism in art should have affected war poetry. The partisans of the work of Robert Nichols, Frederic Manning, and the later Siegfried Sassoon, and of Gilbert Frankau's grimly impatient protest, *The Other Side*, will find little in common with those who turn habitually to Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Francis Ledwidge, or Laurence Binyon. But poetry is a more flexible thing than are the minds of either its creators or its critics, who so often allow their temperamental differences to harden into creeds and dicta. Between Realist and Romanticist there is no radical, permanent cleavage. Both are aware that the world is made up of multiple symbols (for even the Realist's fact[1] is the symbol of an idea); both

[1] "Beauty to her, as to all who have felt, lies not in the thing, but in what the thing symbolizes." — Thomas Hardy: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.*

select for artistic patterning such symbols as attract their respective imaginations. Realistic closeness to fact does not, if it be wise, aim at mere objective copyism, but rather at the precipitation of the bald fact's subjective values, while the Romantic singling out of the exceptional as against the commonplace is due merely to the belief that the exceptional (precisely because it is exceptional) is of more symbolic worth than the commonplace. The art that is broad enough to include the whispered assonances of Poe, the cryptic chants of Emerson, the flooding harmonies of Shelley, the dreamy magic of Keats and of Coleridge, the subtle appraisements of Browning, and the marrowy tales of Masefield, can reject neither the bare, hard fact of the Realist nor the "sleep and forgetting" of the Romanticist, provided only that the offering be beautiful in spirit and in truth. Idealistic Realism is as natural as idealistic Romanticism. The difference is one of varying preference and emphasis in the choice and treatment of material. The same poet, it is apparent, may write, with equal success and sincerity, now in one mode, now in another; only he must make sure that fact-symbol and fancy-symbol are in each case prescribed by his imagination, and that the focus of his vision does not suffer distortion. Although Romanticism must continue to offer to the coming poet the most grateful means of escaping sufficiently from the physical world to observe its phenomena with the wholesome perspective of Art, yet he will readily adopt the realistic method where it is indicated by the scale and intention of his work. He may even synthetically employ "romantic realism" (to use Arthur Symons' phrase), as Browning did in *Childe Roland to the Dark*

Tower Came. The more creative the poet, indeed, the more difficult it must prove to "place" and confine him. He will care less for the defence of mere institutionalism in poetics, less for theory and experimentation — even his own necessary theory and experimentation — than for the patient worship and service of that Truth which "Art remains the one way possible" of discovering, — that true Truth, that essential Truth, which Mrs. Browning so thoughtfully opposes to

> ". . . relative, comparative,
> And temporal truths."

In the poems that follow, the receptive reader will find many suggestions, finely and sensitively expressed, of the essential truth of War, and of the spiritual reciprocities between our personal lives and our national and international struggles.

G. H. C.

April, 1919

AMERICA

"ADVANCE, AMERICA!"

In winds that leave man's spirit cold
And a great darkness overhead,
They stood — bloodstained with ghostly red.
Too young, too many far, they seemed,
To be so soon, so grimly, dead, —
Night more than mortal night, to hold
All they had dreamed. . . .
They were so many; and so young, they seemed.

"*Halt! Who goes there?*"
The red ghosts on their beat of air
Night-answered were: the word was, "Friend!"
And as before their life had end,
The sentinels who erstwhile halted Death,
And died for it, a host of young men slain,
In their red harness stood on guard again
And shouted with recovered lease of breath —
So that, and even as a thing surprised,
The dread winds failed, to silence fell —
"*Advance, friend, and be recognized!*"
"*Pass, friend!*" and yet again, "*All 's well!*"
Then as men turning restwards out of pain,
"*Pass, friend!*" and now more faintly still,
"*All 's well!*"

John Helston

TO AMERICA

Whatever penman wrote or orator
Declaimed, I could not, for the soul of me,
Deem that the West had lost of liberty
All but the name, and feared the sounds of War:

Of them and theirs I was not ignorant, nor
Had failed to learn what impulse set them free
When alien kings held England's realm in fee,
And what, in conquering, they had battled for.

Kinsmen! I see, in these dark pregnant hours
Of shadow, when the heavens are overcast
With smoke of ruined fanes and ancient towers,
While throttled peoples yield and nations die,
The morning star of vengeance shine at last,
And hear your armies thundering prophecy.

Morley Roberts

TO AMERICA IN WAR TIME

I

Grave hour and solemn choice — bare is the sword.
From the raised altar, kneeling, take the blade.
Be its grasp eucharist and accolade;
High be, and holy, lest thou creep abhorred.
Bethink thee — to the angel of the Lord
None baser, was the slayer's right conveyed:
Of thine own soul, no other's, be afraid;
The hilts of brands are lethal, and have scored
On palms once white the unhealing scar of crime.
Honor with fortune, purity with weal,
Hang trembling in the wind-blown scale of Mars:
Earth is thy judge; the listening deeps of time
Are witness, and yon azure's probing wheel,
And vigils of inexorable stars.

II

"Be thou but true" — old words which years renew —
Nor suffer blood-gout nor flame's darkling glow
To touch thy heart's inviolable snow.
Go as a nun through bordels. Be thou true!
Let the sun's glance, even as on rose and dew,
Rest on thy sabre. Wraths and greeds forego
Lest skies pale, and thy recreancy know,
Too late, yon cope's estranged, receding blue.
Nor clamp free tongues! Hast thou yet steel to spare
For fetters? Does the sword-arm clank the chain?
Be strong to conquer, mighty to forbear;
Bind us, ay, bind us — but with prayer and pain,
With greatening purpose, till new love, set free —
Love that we dreamt not, dared not — soar to thee!

O. W. Firkins

THE NEW ALLY

Their great gray ships go plunging forth;
The waves, wind-wakened from the north,
Swarm up their bows and fall away,
And wash the air with golden spray.

Far off is flung their battle-line;
Far off their great guns flame and shine;
And we are one with them — we rise
With dawning thunder in our eyes
To join the embattled hosts that kept
Their pact with freedom while we slept!

Harry Kemp

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1776

When England's king put English to the horn,[1]
To England thus spake England over sea,
"In peace be friend, in war my enemy";
Then countering pride with pride, and lies with scorn,
Broke with the man whose ancestor [2] had borne
A sharper pain for no more injury.
How otherwise should freemen deal and be,
With patience frayed and loyalty outworn?

No act of England's shone more generous gules
Than that which sever'd once for all the strands
Which bound you English. You may search the lands
In vain, and vainly rummage in the schools
To find a deed more English, or a shame
On England with more honour to her name.

Maurice Hewlett

MAGNA CARTA

Magna Carta! Magna Carta!
English brothers, we have borne it
On our banners down the ages. —
Who shall scorn it?
Bitter fought-for, blood-emblazoned
With the fadeless gules of freedom,
Interbound with precious pages —

[1] To "put to the horn" was to declare an outlawry.
[2] Charles the First.

English brothers, we who shrine it
In our common heart of hearts,
Think you we can see a monarch,
Tyrant-sceptred, sanguine-shod,
Seek to rend it and malign it:
We whose sires made him sign it —
Him who deemed him next to God!
We who dreamed our world forever
Purged and rid
Of his spectre — think you, brothers,
We can watch this ghost, resurgent,
Sweep his servile hordes toward England,
And stand silent? — God forbid!

Magna Carta! Magna Carta!
Brother freemen, we who bear it
Starward — shall we see *him* tear it?
Fool or frantic,
Let him dare it!
If he reach across the Channel
He shall touch across the Atlantic: —
Scrolled with new and olden annal,
Bitter fought-for, blood-emblazoned
With the fadeless gules of freedom,
We will hand him — Magna Carta!
Yea, once more shall make him sign it
Where the centuries refine it,
Till his serfs, who now malign it,
Are made sick of him, and free
Even as we.
So, if ghostly through the sea-mist,
You behold his Mediæval
Falcon face peer violating —

Lo, with quills and Magna Carta
(Sharpened quills and Magna Carta)
In a little mead near London,
English brothers, we are waiting!

Percy MacKaye

[From *The Present Hour*. Copyright, 1918, by The Macmillan Company.]

AMERICA AT ST. PAUL'S

Destiny knocked at the door —
"O men of the wilderness, speak!
Will you walk on the plain as of yore
Or climb to the peak?"

They replied — "Be the summit our goal,
For the Curse lieth dead at our feet;
Now free, body, spirit and soul,
Men shall see us complete!"

. . . . . .

Came Destiny, flaming with wrath —
"Is the Curse, then, so deep in its grave?
The old world has straightened its path,
But you — you enslave."

Then they rose, hot with anger and shame;
The land was ensanguined and torn;
But out of the anguish and flame
True freedom was born.

. . . . . .

Once again came the knock: came the call —
"Lo, the Curse is incarnate at last,
And Freedom must win or must fall!
The die has been cast.

"To her rescue, or yours is the loss,
If you bide here alone on the height,
And take not the fiery cross
And join in the fight!

"See, they suffer for what you avow:
See, they die for your watchwords, your creed!
Come down, lest your records tell how
You failed Freedom in need!"

They gazed from their peak with surprise
At the nations at grips with the foe,
That look of resolve in their eyes
Which was theirs, long ago.

With a throb of the heart for their kin,
With a grasp of the hand for their friend,
They cried: "Let us in, let us in!
We are yours to the end!

"Here stand we: naught else can we do!
Take us, all that we have, all we are!
We bide by the issue with you,
And this is our war!"

Margaretta Byrde

TWO FLAGS UPON WESTMINSTER TOWERS

April 20, 1917

"This day is holy" — so sweet Spenser wrote,
Giving to Love the world's one bridal-song.
Ah! could he see these flags together float
Where the gray pinnacles of England throng,

What bridal-song of nations would he sing!
How Shakespeare — through whose pageantry of state
Trumpets of Freedom and of Justice ring —
Our "true minds' marriage" now would celebrate!
My country's poets, foes of tyranny,
For great and generous England raise your voice;
Be yours the apocalypse of Liberty —
A vision that shall call us to rejoice.
Divine the omens of the glorious years
From these free flags — if you can see for tears!

Robert Underwood Johnson

THE NEW WORLD

To the People of the United States

Now is the time of the splendour of Youth and Death.
The spirit of man grows grander than men knew.
The unbearable burden is borne, the impossible done;
Though harder is yet to do
Before this agony end, and that be won
We seek through blinding battle, in choking breath, —
The New World, seen in vision! Land of lands,
In the midst of storms that desolate and divide,
In the hour of the breaking heart, O far-descried,
You build our courage, you hold up our hands.

Men of America, you that march to-day
Through roaring London, supple and lean of limb,
Glimpsed in the crowd I saw you, and in your eye
Something alert and grim,
As knowing on what stern call you march away
To the wrestle of nations; saw your heads held high

And, that same moment, far in a glittering beam,
High over old and storied Westminster
The Stars and Stripes with England's flag astir,
Sisterly twined and proud on the air astream.

Men of America, what do you see? Is it old
Towers of fame and grandeur time-resigned?
The frost of custom's backward-gazing thought?
Seek closer! You shall find
Miracles hour by hour in silence wrought;
Births, and awakenings; dyings never tolled;
Invisible crumble and fall of prison-bars.
O, wheresoever his home, new or decayed,
Man is older than all the things he has made
And yet the youngest spirit beneath the stars.

Rock-cradled, white, and soaring out of the sea,
I behold again the fabulous city arise,
Manhattan! Queen of thronged and restless bays
And of daring ships is she.
O lands beyond, that into the sunset gaze,
Limitless, teeming continent of surmise!
I drink again that diamond air, I thrill
To the lure of a wonder more than the wondrous past,
And see before me ages yet more vast
Rising, to challenge heart and mind and will.

What sailed they out to seek, who of old came
To that bare earth and wild, unhistoried coast?
Not gold, nor granaries, nay, nor a halcyon ease
For the weary and tempest-tost:
The unshaken soul they sought, possessed in peace.
What seek we now, and hazard all on the aim?

In the heart of man is the undiscovered earth
Whose hope's our compass; sweet with glorious passion
Of men's goodwill; a world to forge and fashion
Worthy the things we have seen and brought to birth.

Taps of the Drum! Now once again they beat:
And the answer comes; a continent arms. Dread,
Pity, and Grief, there is no escape. The call
Is the call of the risen Dead.
Terrible year of the nations' trampling feet!
An angel has blown his trumpet over all
From the ends of the earth, from East to uttermost
West,
Because of the soul of man, that shall not fail,
That will not make refusal, or turn, or quail,
No, nor for all calamity, stay its quest.

And here, here too, is the New World, born of pain
In destiny-spelling hours. The old world breaks
Its mould, and life runs fierce and fluid, a stream
That floods, dissolves, re-makes.
Each pregnant moment, charged to its extreme,
Quickens unending future, and all's vain
But the onward mind, that dares the oncoming years
And takes their storm, a master. Life shall then
Transfigure Time with yet more marvellous men.
Hail to the sunrise! Hail to the Pioneers!

Laurence Binyon

ENGLAND

EXPEDITIONAL

Troops to our England true
  Faring to Flanders,
God be with all of you
  And your commanders.

Clear be the sky o'erhead,
  Light be the landing:
Not till the work is sped
  Be your disbanding.

On the old battle-ground
  Where fought your fathers,
Faithful shall ye be found
  When the storm gathers.

Fending a little friend
  Weak but unshaken —
Quick! there's no time to spend
  Or the fort's taken.

Though he defy his foes,
  He may go under.
Quick! ere the battle close
  Speed with your thunder.

He hath his all at stake:
  More can have no man.
Quick! ere the barrier break
  On to the foeman.

Troops to this England true
And your commanders,
God be with all of you
Fighting in Flanders.

C. W. Brodribb

ST. GEORGE'S DAY

YPRES, 1915

To fill the gap, to bear the brunt
With bayonet and with spade,
Four hundred to a four-mile front
Unbacked and undismayed —

What men are these, of what great race,
From what old shire or town,
That run with such goodwill to face
Death on a Flemish down?

Let be! they bind a broken line:
As men die, so die they.
Land of the free! their life was thine,
It is St. George's Day.

Yet say whose ardour bids them stand
At bay by yonder bank,
Where a boy's voice and a boy's hand
Close up the quivering rank,
Who under those all-shattering skies
Plays out his captain's part
With the last darkness in his eyes
And *Domum* in his heart?

Let be, let be ! in yonder line
All names are burned away.
Land of his love ! the fame be thine,
It is St. George's Day.

Henry Newbolt

EVENING IN ENGLAND

From its blue vase the rose of evening drops.
Upon the streams its petals float away.
The hills all blue with distance hide their tops
In the dim silence falling on the grey.
A little wind said "Hush!" and shook a spray
Heavy with May's white crop of opening bloom,
A silent bat went dipping up the gloom.

Night tells her rosary of stars full soon,
They drop from out her dark hand to her knees.
Upon a silhouette of woods the moon
Leans on one horn as if beseeching ease
From all her changes which have stirred the seas.
Across the ears of Toil Rest throws her veil,
I and a marsh bird only make a wail.

Francis Ledwidge

SAINT GEORGE OF ENGLAND

Saint George he was a fighting man, as all the tales do tell;
He fought a battle long ago, and fought it wondrous well.
With his helmet, and his hauberk, and his good cross-hilted sword,
Oh, he rode a-slaying dragons to the glory of the Lord.

And when his time on earth was done, he found he could not rest
Where the year is always summer in the Islands of the Blest;
So back he came to earth again, to see what he could do,
And they cradled him in England —
In England, April England —
Oh, they cradled him in England where the golden willows blew!

Saint George he was a fighting man, and loved a fighting breed,
And whenever England wants him now, he's ready at her need;
From Crécy field to Neuve Chapelle he's there with hand and sword,
And he sailed with Drake from Devon to the glory of the Lord.
His arm is strong to smite the wrong and break the tyrant's pride,
He was there when Nelson triumphed, he was there when Gordon died;
He sees his red-cross ensign float on all the winds that blow,
But ah! his heart's in England —
In England, April England —
Oh, his heart it turns to England where the golden willows grow.

Saint George he was a fighting man, he's here and fighting still
While any wrong is yet to right or Dragon yet to kill,

And faith! he's finding work this day to suit his war-
worn sword,
For he's strafing Huns in Flanders to the glory of the
Lord.
Saint George he is a fighting man, but when the fight-
ing's past,
And dead among the trampled fields the fiercest and
the last
Of all the Dragons earth has known beneath his feet
lies low,
Oh, his heart will turn to England —
To England, April England —
He'll come home to rest in England where the golden
willows blow!

C. Fox Smith

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SCOTLAND

PIPES IN ARRAS

(April, 1917)

In the burgh toun of Arras
When gloaming had come on,
Fifty pipers played Retreat
As if they had been one,
And the Grande Place of Arras
Hummed with the Highland drone!

Then to the ravaged burgh,
Champed into dust and sand,
Came with the pipers' playing,
Out of their own loved land,
Sea-sounds that moan for sorrow
On a dispeopled strand.

There are in France no voices
To speak of simple things,
And tell how winds will whistle
Through palaces of kings;
Now came the truth to Arras
In the chanter's warblings:

"O build in pride your towers,
But think not they will last;
The tall tower and the shealing
Alike must meet the blast,
And the world is strewn with shingle
From dwellings of the past."

But to the Grande Place, Arras,
Came, too, the hum of bees,
That suck the sea-pink's sweetness
From isles of the Hebrides,
And in Iona fashion
Homes mid old effigies:

"Our cells the monks demolished
To make their mead of yore,
And still though we be ravished
Each Autumn of our store,
While the sun lasts, and the flower,
Tireless we'll gather more."

Up then and spake with twitt'rings
Out of the chanter reed,
Birds that each Spring to Appin,
Over the oceans speed,
And in its ruined castles
Make love again and breed:

"Already see our brothers
Build in the tottering fane!
Though France should be a desert,
While love and Spring remain,
Men will come back to Arras,
And build and weave again."

So played the pipes in Arras
Their Gaelic symphony,
Sweet with old wisdom gathered
In isles of the Highland sea,
And eastward towards Cambrai,
Roared the artillery.

Neil Munro

"LOCHABER NO MORE!"

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to the glen,
No more will he wander Lochaber again.
Lochaber no more! Lochaber no more!
The lad will return to Lochaber no more!
The trout will come back from the deeps of the sea,
The bird from the wilderness back to the tree,
Flowers to the mountain and tides to the shore,
But he will return to Lochaber no more!

O why should the hills last, that never were young,
Unperishing stars in the heavens be hung;
Be constant the seasons, undrying the stream,
And he that was gallant be gone like a dream?
Brave songs will be singing in isles of the West,
But he will be silent who sang them the best;
The dance will be waiting, the pipes will implore,
But he will return to Lochaber no more!

Child of the forest! profound is thy sleep,
The valley that loved thee awakes but to weep;
When our fires are rekindled at dawn of the morn,
Our griefs burn afresh, and our prayers are forlorn;
The night falls disconsolate, bringing no peace,
No hope for our dreams, for our sighs no release;
In vain come the true hearts and look from the door,
For thou wilt return to Lochaber no more!

Neil Munro

HIGHLAND NIGHT

1715–1815–1915

O TURN ye homeward in the night-tide dusk!
Return, O lad, across the watery dark.
The wind is eerie, and the sea growls low,
And voices mutter in the caves. O hark!
The sea-bird hath her mate, but none I know.

All day the gulls are crying round the rocks,
And spray is leaping white against their face;
The child is shouting, and the wind is sweet;
Above our heads the flying cloudlets race,
Where we are on the hillside cutting peat.

The sun glints on the waves. I have no fear;
My heart is filled with ancient battle songs;
But when the winter seas are crying loud,
Phantoms of eld, and marching faery throngs,
From strange old tales into my fancy crowd.

They hold before my eyes a bloody plaid —
A wail of warning hurries down the gust,
The door blows open, and the baby cries,
And dark-red drops are trickling in the dust.
Kneeling I fall and cover up my eyes.

O turn ye homeward in the night-tide dusk!
The door stands open, and the sea growls low.
Ah, lad, my candle shines across the night.
The sea-bird hath her mate, but none I know;
Turn ye to me before the morning light.

Isabel Westcott Harper

IRELAND

MOIRA'S KEENING

O MOUNTAINS of Erin,
Your beauty is fled;
Beyond you, in Flanders,
My darling lies dead.

Through the dunes and the grasses
Bespattered with blood,
They bore him; and round him,
Bareheaded, they stood,

While the chaplain in khaki
Was reading a prayer,
And the wind for his keening
Was moaning an air.

O son of grey Connaught,
No more shall we stand
By the dark lough at evening,
My hand in your hand,

And talk of a houseen
To hold you and me,
The scent of the heather,
The gorse on the lea.

Yet, bridegroom of mine,
You are waiting afar,
Past the peak and the blueness,
The shine of thon star,

Where Mary the Mother
Is bending her head,
And you sleep at her crooning,
O boy of mine! dead.

Norreys Jephson O'Conor

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS

I SAW the Connaught Rangers when they were passing by,
On a spring day, a good day, with gold rifts in the sky.
Themselves were marching steadily along the Liffey quay
An' I see the young proud look of them as if it was to-day!
The bright lads, the right lads, I have them in my mind,
With the green flags on their bayonets all fluttering in the wind!

A last look at old Ireland, a last good-bye maybe,
Then the gray sea, the wide sea, my grief upon the sea!
And when will they come home, says I, when will they see once more
The dear blue hills of Wicklow and Wexford's dim gray shore?
The brave lads of Ireland, no better lads you 'll find,
With the green flags on their bayonets all fluttering in the wind!

Three years have passed since that spring day, sad years for them and me.
Green graves there are in Serbia and in Gallipoli.

And many who went by that day along the muddy street
Will never hear the roadway ring to their triumphant feet.
But when they march before Him, God's welcome will be kind,
And the green flags on their bayonets will flutter in the wind.

Winifred M. Letts

BELGIUM

TO BELGIUM

Crowned with Thorns

Thou that a brave brief space didst keep the gate,
  Against the German, saving all the West,
  By the subjection of thy shielding breast
To the brute blows and utmost shames of Fate;
Thou that in bonds of iron dost expiate
  Thy nobleness as crime! Even thus oppressed,
  Is not thy spirit mystically blest,
O little Belgium, marvellously great?

Thou that hast prized the soul above the flesh,
  Dost thou not, starving, eat of angels' bread?
With every sunrise crucified afresh,
    Has not this guerdon for all time sufficed —
  That thou shouldst wear upon thy haggard head
    The awful honor of the Crown of Christ?

Helen Gray Cone

A FLEMISH VILLAGE

Gone is the spire that slept for centuries,
Whose image in the water, calm, and low
Was mingled with the lilies green and snow,
And lost itself in river mysteries.
The church lies broken near the fallen spire;
For here, among these old and human things,
Death swept along the street with feet of fire,
And went upon his way with moaning wings.

Above the cluster of these homes forlorn,
Where giant fleeces of the shells are rolled,
O'er pavements by the kneeling herdsmen worn,
The wounded saints look out to see their fold.

And silence follows fast, no evening peace,
But leaden stillness, when the thunder wanes,
Haunting the slender branches of the trees,
And settling low upon the listless plains.

Herbert Asquith

A BALLADE OF BROKEN THINGS

THE toy no skilful fingers may repair
Is dearer far in tearful childish eyes
Than all remaining treasures whole and fair,
For here is tragedy that beautifies.
The broken doll assumes heroic guise —
Is aureoled, and wears an angel's wings:
The saints must die before we canonize —
The broken things are the immortal things!

Yea, shattered gods the heart of man ensnare;
'T is the scarred loveliness we praise and prize;
To wreck and ruin fealty we swear —
How near one's soul the Coliseum lies!
And see, ere straining flight may scale the skies,
Ere she may know her life's true wakenings,
From ashes must the fabled bird arise —
The broken things are the immortal things!

Ruin and dust and ashes of despair —
On these we build our shrines, and here our cries

Of adoration and exalted prayer,
Ascending like the smoke of sacrifice,
Halo waste lands and homes. On dying sighs
Are wafted seeds of perfect flowerings:
The Christ accepted death, and He was wise —
The broken things are the immortal things!

L'ENVOI

O Belgium! there is victory that dies,
Power that undermines the thrones of kings;
Fear not defeat; disaster glorifies; —
The broken things are the immortal things!

Blanche Weitbrec

THE HEROES

In that Valhalla where the heroes go
A careful sentinel paced to and fro
Before the gate, burnt black with battle smoke,
Whose echoes to the tread of armed men woke,
And up the fiery stairs whose steps are spears
Came the pale heroes of the bloodstained years.

There were lean Cæsars from the glory fields
With heart that only to a sword-thrust yields;
And there were Generals decked in pride of rank,
Red scabbard swinging from the weary flank;
And slender youths, who were the sons of kings,
And barons with their sixteen quarterings.
And while the nobles went with haughty air
The courteous sentinel questioned: "Who goes there?"
And as each came, full lustily he cried
His string of titles, ere he passed inside. . . .

And presently there was a little man,
A silent mover in the regal van.
His hand still grasped his rifle, and his eyes
Seemed blinded with the light from Paradise. . . .
His was a humble guise, a modest air —
The sentinel held him sharply: "Who goes there?"

There were no gauds tacked to that simple name,
But every naked blade leapt out like flame,
And every blue-blood warrior bowed his head —
"I am a Belgian," this was all he said.
Men's cheering echoed thro' the battle's Hell
"Pass in, *mon brave*," said that wise sentinel.

M. Forrest

Brisbane, Queensland

FRANCE

SEDAN

I, FROM a window where the Meuse is wide,
Looked Eastward, out to the September night.
The men that in the hopeless battle died
Rose and re-formed and marshalled for the fight.
A brumal army vague and ordered large
For mile on mile by one pale General,
I saw them lean by companies to the charge;
But no man living heard the bugle call.

And fading still, and pointing to their scars,
They rose in lessening cloud where, gray and high,
Dawn lay along the Heaven in misty bars.
But, gazing from that Eastern casement, I
Saw the Republic splendid in the sky,
And round her terrible head the morning stars.

Hilaire Belloc

FLOWER-BEDS IN THE TUILERIES

FRANCE is planting her gardens,
France is preparing her spring:
Seeds in their long rows slumbering,
Bulbs in their ranks outnumbering,
For the brown beds' bordering;
France is planting her gardens,
France is preparing her spring,
France — of the ermined lilies,
France — of the Fleur-de-Lys;
And royal still her will is,
Say the stately Tuileries.

Her crippled and maimed and broken
Walk, smiling, in her sun;
These are they who have spoken
Her word by the lips of Verdun;
Their little, gay children go leaping —
Laugh loud from the merry-go-round;
France has sown, for their reaping,
The flowers of France that are sleeping
Near by, in the warm, brown ground.

France has planted her Garden,
France has prepared her a Spring,
All mankind for its warden,
Love for its singing bird;
Never the frost shall harden
Earth that has in its keeping
Seed sown there at her word,
Never the birds take wing;
Where the flower of France is sleeping
That earth shall have her spring!

Grace Ellery Channing

THE VALLEYS OF THE BLUE SHROUDS

(Where the valiant *poilus* were buried in their blue uniforms)

O SHARDS of walls that once held precious life,
Now scattered, like the bones the Prophet saw
Lying in visioned valley of the slain
Ere One cried: "Son of Man, can these bones live?"

O images of heroes, saints, and Christs,
Pierced, broken, thrust in hurried sepulture

In selfsame tombs with tinsel, dross, and dreg,
And without time for either shrift or shroud!

O smold'ring embers of Love's hearthstone fires,
Quenched by the fiercer fires of hellish hate,
That have not where to kindle flames again
To light succeeding generations on!

O ghost-gray ashes of cathedral towers
That toward the sky once raised appealing hands
To beg the God of all take residence
And hold communion with the kneeling souls!

O silent tongues of bells that once did ring
Matin and Angelus o'er peaceful fields,
Now shapeless slag that will to-morrow serve
To make new engines for still others' woe!

O dust that flowered in finial and foil
And bright in many-petaled windows bloomed,
Now unto dust returned at cannon's breath
To lay thy faded glories on the crypt!

O wounded cities that have been beloved
As Priam's city was by Hecuba, —
Sad Hecuba, who ere in exile borne,
Beheld her Hector's child Astyanax
Spitted on spear (as if a Belgian babe)
And saw the walls in smoke and flame ascend
To hover heav'nward with wide-brooding wings
Above the "vanished thing" that once was Troy!

O shards of sanctuaries and of homes!
O embers, ashes gray, and glinting dust!

Ye who were tile or tower in Laon or Ypres,
A village by the Somme, a church in Roye,
A bit of glass in Reims, a convent bell
In St. Dié, a lycée in Verdun,
A wayside crucifix in Mézières,
Again I hear a cry: "Can these bones live?"

Yes! As the bones, o'er which the Prophet cried
And called the breath from Heav'n's four winds to breathe,
Sprang straightway, bone to bone, each to its place,
To frame in flesh the features and the forms
They still remembered and still loved to hold
Once more on earth — so shall ye rise again!

Out of their quarries, cumulus, the clouds
Will furnish back your flame in crystal stone;
The cirrus dawns in Parsee tapestries
With azure broiderings will clothe your walls;
The nimbus noons will shower golden rain
And sunset colors fill each Gothic arch;

For o'er thy stricken vales, O valiant France,
Our love for thee shall prophesy anew,
And Heav'n's Four Winds of Liberty, allied,
Shall breathe unpoisoned in thy streets till they
Shall pulse again with life that laughs and sings,
And yet remembers, singing through its tears
The music of an everlasting song —
Remembers, proudly and undyingly,
The hero dust that lies in shrouds of blue
But rises as thy soul, immortal France!

John Finley

SAINTE JEANNE OF FRANCE

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
But ah! what found she there?
The little streams were running red,
And the torn fields were bare;
And all about the ruined towers
Where once her king was crowned,
The hurtling ploughs of war and death
Had scored the desolate ground.

Sainte Jeanne turned to the hearts of men,
That harvest might not fail;
Her sword was girt upon her thigh,
Her dress was silvern mail;
And all the war-worn ranks were glad
To feel her presence shine;
Her smile was like the mellow sun
Along that weary line.

She gave her silence to their lips,
Her visions to their eyes,
And the quick glory of her sword
She lent to their emprise;
The shadow of her gentle hand
Touched Belgium's burning cross,
And set the seal of power and praise
On agony and loss.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
And oh! what found she there?
The brave seed of her scattering
In fruitage everywhere;

And where her strong and tender heart
Was broken in the flame,
She found the very heart of France
Had flowered to her name.

Marion Couthouy Smith

ITALY

TO ITALY

Thou art the world's desired, the golden fleece,
  Of Time's adventurers faring down to Hell,
But Helen's self dwelt not so far from peace
  Nor so beset since lofty Ilium fell.
Tyrants would pluck thee as men pluck a rose,
  Carthage and Greece, the Vandal and the Goth;
Now more are added to thy many foes
  From East and West, ay, thou hast suffered both.

Greece was enslaved, and Carthage is but dust,
  But thou art living, maugre all thy scars,
To bear fresh wounds of rapine and of lust,
  Immortal victim of unnumbered wars.
Nor shalt thou cease until we cease to be
Whose hearts are thine, belovèd Italy.

Moray Dalton

SERBIA, GREECE, AND ROUMANIA

AUTUMN EVENING IN SERBIA

All the thin shadows
Have closed on the grass,
With the drone on their dark wings
The night beetles pass.
Folded her eyelids,
A maiden asleep,
Day sees in her chamber
The pallid moon peep.

From the bend of the briar
The roses are torn,
And the folds of the wood tops
Are faded and worn.
A strange bird is singing
Sweet notes of the sun,
Tho' song time is over
And Autumn begun.

Francis Ledwidge

SERBIA

When the heroic deeds that mark our time
Shall, in far days to come, recorded be,
Men, much forgetting, shall remember thee,
Thou central martyr of the Monster-Crime,
Who kept thy soul clear of the ooze and slime —
The quicksands of deceit and perjury —
A living thing, unconquered still and free,
Through superhuman sacrifice sublime.

O Serbia! amid thy ruins great,
Love is immortal; there's an end to hate,
  Always there will be dawn, though dark the night.
Look up, thou tragic Glory! Even now,
The thorny round that binds thy bleeding brow
  Is as a crown irradiating light!

Florence Earle Coates

THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

The sheep are coming home in Greece,
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
Thro' the evening red and still,
Stopping where the pathways cease,
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton-bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight
And the climbing moon grows small.

Francis Ledwidge

ROUMANIA

ANOTHER land has crashed into the deep,
The heir and namesake of that Rome, whose laws
Spread the great peace. — Gray Power, that yet o'erawes
The thoughts of men, first to bid nations keep
The bounds of right, and earth's wild borders sleep,
O, from thy pinnacle 'mid time's applause
Salute, great Rome, the victim of man's cause,
Thy child, Roumania! — Nay, not ours to weep.

O Latin Race! how doth our debt increase
At every flash of thy unfathomed soul,
Long on the rock of justice founding peace,
While ever round thee new-born ages roll!
Genius divine! when shall thy glory cease!
Rise, rise, Roumania! yet thy soul is whole!

George Edward Woodberry

CANADA

OLD WAR

I SEE you sitting in the sungleams there,
  Scabbard on arm, the mighty blade withdrawn,
  Musing a little. Dreams of customs gone
People your mood — old loves, old quests to dare;
The sword so doubly tempered to its wont
  Of battle, keen to be swift smiting through
  Dark arms, you fondle almost as if you
Had borne it shouting in the fight's red front.

All this upon a quiet afternoon
  Of golden sun in Canada. The years
    Are but a curtain that you brush aside.
This hour you hear the ancient battle rune
  In gleaming glens, and to your sight appears
    Old war and all its honour and high pride.

Arthur L. Phelps

THE WAR CRY OF THE EAGLES

I

TECUMSEH of the Shawnees
He dreamed a noble dream, —
A league to hold their freedom old
And make their peace supreme.
He drew the tribes together
And bound them to maintain
Their sacred pact to stand and act
For common good and gain.

II

The eagles taught Tecumseh
The secret of their clan, —
A way to keep o'er plain and steep
The liberty of Man.
The champions of freedom
They may not weary soon,
Nor lay aside in foolish pride
The vigilance of noon.

Those teachers of Tecumseh
Were up to meet the dawn,
To scan the light and hold the height
Till the last light was gone.
Like specks upon the azure,
Their guards patrolled the sky,
To mount and plain and soar again
And give the warning cry.

They watched for lurking perils,
The death that skulks and crawls,
To take by stealth their only wealth
On wind-swept mountain walls.
They did not trust the shadows
That sleep upon the hill;
Where menace hid, where cunning slid,
They struck — and struck to kill.

Through lonely space unmeasured
They laid their sentry rings,
Till every brood in eyrie rude
Was shadowed by their wings.

Tecumseh watched the eagles
In summer o'er the plain,
And learned their cry, "If freedom die,
Ye will have lived in vain!"

III

The vision of Tecumseh,
It could not long endure;
He lacked the might to back the right
And make his purpose sure.
Tecumseh and his people
Are gone; they could not hold
Their league for good; their brotherhood
Is but a tale that's told.

IV

The eagles of Tecumseh
Still hold their lofty flight,
And guard their own on outposts lone,
Across the fields of light.
They hold their valiant instinct
And know their right of birth,
They do not cede their pride of breed
For things of little worth.

They see on earth below them,
Where time is but a breath,
Another race brought face to face
With liberty or death.
Above a thousand cities
A new day is unfurled,
And still on high those watchers cry
Their challenge o'er the world.

Where patriots are marching
And battle flags are borne,
To South and North their cry goes forth
To rally and to warn.
From border unto border,
They wheel and cry again
That master cry, "If freedom die,
Ye will have lived in vain!"

Bliss Carman

AUSTRALASIA

FAREWELL TO ANZAC

Oh, hump your swag and leave, lads, the ships are in the bay;
We've got our marching orders now, it's time to come away;
And a long good-bye to Anzac beach where blood has flowed in vain,
For we're leaving it, leaving it — game to fight again!

But some there are will never quit that bleak and bloody shore,
And some that marched and fought with us will fight and march no more;
Their blood has bought till judgment day the slopes they stormed so well,
And we're leaving them, leaving them, sleeping where they fell!

(Leaving them, leaving them, the bravest and the best;
Leaving them, leaving them, and maybe glad to rest!
We've done our best with yesterday, to-morrow's still our own —
But we're leaving them, leaving them, sleeping all alone!)

Ay, they are gone beyond it all, the praising and the blame,
And many a man may win renown, but none more fair a fame;

They showed the world Australia's lads knew well the
way to die,
And we're leaving them, leaving them, quiet where
they lie!

(Leaving them, leaving them, sleeping where they
died;
Leaving them, leaving them, in their glory and their
pride —
Round them sea and barren land, over them the sky,
Oh, we're leaving them, leaving them, quiet where
they lie!)

C. Fox Smith

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QUEENSLANDERS

Lean brown lords of the Brisbane beaches,
Lithe-limbed kings of the Culgoa bends,
Princes that ride where the Roper reaches,
Captains that camp where the gray Gulf ends —
Never such goodly men together
Marched since the kingdoms first made war;
Nothing so proud as the Emu Feather
Waved in an English wind before!

Ardour and faith of those keen brown faces!
Challenge and strength of those big brown hands!
Eyes that have flashed upon wide-flung spaces!
Chins that have conquered in fierce far lands! —
Flood could not daunt them, Drought could not break
them;
Deep in their hearts is their sun's own fire;

Blood of thine own blood, England, take them!
These are the swords of thy soul's desire!

Will H. Ogilvie

THE NEW ZEALANDER

[Monody on the death of a member of the New Zealand Contingent, who, going to rest on the beach, was killed in his sleep by a discharge of shrapnel]

Samothrace and Imbros lie
Like blue shadows in the sky;
Scented comes the wind from Greece
Slow-winged as the Soul of Peace.

All was still as evening came
With a whisper, sheathed in flame,
And the battlefield grew still
From the Valley to the Hill.

Just beyond the ripples' reach
He was lying on the beach,
Dreaming half of things at home,
Mixing dreams with light and foam.

Three days he had smelt the dead,
Looked on black blood and on red,
Gripped and lain, and cursed and hated,
Feared, exulted, prayed, and waited.

From the dawn till dusk was dim
All the world had spied on him;
And the wind that sighed so low
Seemed the footstep of his foe,

And at night the fireflies dancing
Were the light of men advancing.
Swift his hands. His brain was cool.
"Hell," he said, "poor Tom's at school."

Then he rested on the beach
Just beyond the ripples' reach,
Home and sunset in his dream
Till the shrapnel's quicker gleam

Found his heart, and found his head —
Found him dreaming, left him dead.
And they buried him at night
With men fallen in the fight.

So he fought and went away
With the glory of the day,
And no hatred in his heart
When the great ways met to part.

On a beach without a name
He died sleeping, robbed of fame,
Just before the day grew dim.
Tom, his brother, envied him.

Ben Kendim

YPRES

YPRES

City of stark desolation,
Infinite voices of silence,
Crying aloud in the daytime,
Whispering shrill in the moonlight,
Ask of the world, appealing:
"What are you now but a name?"

Hushed are your streets, and the rumble
Of lorries and wagons and limbers
And low, dull tread of battalions,
Moving stubbornly cheerful
Back of invisible fighters
Muddily bedded in Flanders —
These alone for your roadways,
And these for the hours of darkness.
Wide to inscrutable heaven
Lie, in their ruin all equal,
Houses and hovels abandoned,
Windowless yawnings and pillars,
Chasms and doorways and gables,
Tottering spectres of brickwork
Strewn through the naked chambers —
Never a home for the seeking,
Not through the whole of the city,
Save for the spirit-fled body.
And over the breakage and rubble,
Furious wastage of warfare,
Rise in their piteous grandeur,
Oaks still battling the tempest,

Riven and broken Cathedral,
Shattered, half-pinnacled Cloth-Hall,
Towers of solemn, gray greatness
Calling on heaven to witness,
Listening, steadfastly watchful,
For boom that will herald disaster
Down on their remnants of glory,
Asking the world appealing:
"What are we now but a name?"

City of wanton destruction,
Standing nakedly awful,
Token of agonized country,
When was an answer demanded
In so relentless a silence?
How can the asking be empty?
Name and naught else in your ruins,
Crowned in the heart as an emblem,
Child of the ravenous booming,
Page of heroical story,
Greatest in still desolation,
Never in all your peace-slumber
Garnered you fame as in fury.
Silent mother of splendour,
Stand when your ruins have crumbled
And, sinking to soil of Flanders,
Merged with the valiant sleepers;
And after that and for always,
As long as the breath of men's honour
Is to the earth as the springtime,
Speak with your voices undying; —
How in the anguish and glory
Belgium and Britain you stood for,

World of men's honour undaunted
Just in the lines round your city,
Where the fierce waves of ambition,
Ruthlessly seeking their purpose,
Sank with the dead into Flanders.
Desolate spirit unconquered,
Here where the fury lingered,
Here where the graves of the honoured
Around your ruins are clustered,
Rise in your triumph eternal,
Built in the heart of man.

Gorell

Ypres, October, 1915

EASTER AT YPRES: 1915[1]

THE sacred Head was bound and diapered,
The sacred Body wrapped in charnel shroud,
And hearts were breaking, hopes that towered
were bowed,
And life died quite when died the living Word.
So lies this ruined city. She hath heard
The rush of foes brutal and strong and proud,
And felt their bolted fury. She is ploughed
With fire and steel, and all her grace is blurred.

But with the third sun rose the Light indeed,
Calm and victorious though with brows yet marred
By Hell's red flame so lately visited.

[1] Written in a "dug-out" called "Mon Privilège" in "Glencorse Wood" by Westhoeck near Ypres, April 9–10, Easter Week, 1915.

Nor less for thee, sweet city, better starred
Than this grim hour portends, new times succeed;
And thou shalt reawake, though aye be scarred.

W. S. S. Lyon

THE FIRST BATTLE OF YPRES [1]

Grey field of Flanders, grim old battle-plain,
What armies held the iron line round Ypres in the rain,
From Bixschoote to Baececlaere and down to the Lys river?

Merry men of England,
Men of the green shires,
From the winding waters,
The elm-trees and the spires,

And the lone village dreaming in the downland yonder.
Half a million Huns broke over them in thunder,
Roaring seas of Huns swept on and sunk again,
Where fought the men of England round Ypres in the rain,
On the grim plain of Flanders, whose earth is fed with slaughter.

[1] In the first Battle of Ypres, which was fought in October–November, 1914, a thin line of British, supported on each wing by small bodies of French, stopped the push of an immense German army on Calais. The allusion in the latter part of the poem is not to "the angels of Mons," but to a story received from a very competent witness. On three occasions the Germans broke through the line, then paused and retired, for no apparent reason. On each of these occasions prisoners, when asked the cause of their retirement, replied: "We saw your enormous Reserves." We had no Reserves. This story was incidentally confirmed by the remark of another officer on the curious conduct of the Germans in violently shelling certain empty fields behind our lines.

North-country fighting men from the mine and the loom,
Highlander and lowlander stood up to death and doom,
From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down to the Lys river.

London men and Irish,
Indian men and French,
Charging with the bayonet,
Firing in the trench,
Fought in that furious fight, shoulder to shoulder.
Leapt from their saddles to charge in fierce disorder,
The Life Guards, mud and blood for the scarlet and the plume,
And they hurled back the foemen as the wind the sea spume,
From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down to the Lys river.

But the huge Hun masses yet mounted more and more,
Like a giant wave gathering to whelm the sweet shore,
While swift the exultant foam runs on before and over.

Where that foam was leaping,
With bayonets, or with none,
The cooks and the service men
Ran upon the Hun.
The cooks and the service men charged and charged together
Moussy's cuirassiers, on foot, with spur and sabre;
Helmed and shining fought they as warriors fought of yore —

Till calm fell sinister as the hush at the whirlwind's
core,
From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down to the Lys
river.

Lo! the Emperor launched on us his guard of old
renown,
Stepping in parade-march, as they step through Berlin
town,
On the chill road to Gheluveldt, in the dark before the
dawning.

Heavily tolled on them
Mortal mouths of guns,
Gallantly, gallantly
Came the flower of the Huns.

Proud men they marched, like an avalanche on us
falling,
Prouder men they met, in the dark before the dawn-
ing.
Seven to one they came against us to shatter us and
drown,
One to seven in the woodland we fought them up and
down,
In the sad November woodland, when all the skies
were mourning.

The long battle thundered till a waxing moon might
wane,
Thrice they broke the exhausted line that held them
on the plain,
And thrice like billows they went back, from viewless
bounds retiring.

Why paused they and went backward,
With never a foe before
Like a long wave dragging
Down a level shore
Its fierce reluctant surges, that came triumphant storming
The land, and powers invisible drive to its deep returning?
On the grey field of Flanders again and yet again
The Huns beheld the Great Reserves on the old battle-plain,
The blood-red field of Flanders, where all the skies were mourning.

The fury of their marshalled guns might plough no dreadful lane
Through those Reserves that waited in the ambush of the rain,
On the riven plain of Flanders, where hills of men lay moaning.

They hurled upon an army
The bellowing heart of Hell,
We saw but the meadows
Torn with their shot and shell.
We heard not the march of the succours that were coming,
Their old forgotten bugle-calls, the fifes and the drumming,
But they gathered and they gathered from the graves where they had lain
A hundred years, hundreds of years, on the old battle-plain,
And the young graves of Flanders, all fresh with dews of mourning.

Marlborough's men and Wellington's, the burghers of Courtrai,
The warriors of Plantagenet, King Louis' *Gants glacés* —
And the young, young dead from Mons and the Marne river.

Old heroic fighting men,
Who fought for chivalry,
Men who died for England,
Mother of Liberty.

In the world's dim heart, where the waiting spirits slumber,
Sounded a roar when the walls were rent asunder
That parted Earth from Hell, and summoning them away,
Tremendous trumpets blew, as at the Judgment Day —
And the dead came forth, each to his former banner.

On the grim field of Flanders, the old battle-plain,
Their armies held the iron line round Ypres in the rain,
From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down to the Lys river.

Margaret L. Woods

RUINS

(YPRES, 1917)

RUINS of trees whose woeful arms
Vainly invoke the sombre sky, —
Stripped, twisted boughs and tortured boles,
Like lost souls, —
How green they grew on the little farms!

Ruins of stricken wall and spire,
Stretched mile on desolate mile along, —
Ghosts of a life of sweet intent,
Riven and rent
By frantic shell and searching fire.

Ruins of soldiers torn and slain,
English bodies broken for you:
Burned in their hearts the battle-cry! . . .
Forspent they lie,
Clay crumbling slow to clay again.

George Herbert Clarke

OXFORD

OXFORD IN WAR-TIME

What alters you, familiar lawn and tower,
Arched alley, and garden green to the grey wall
With crumbling crevice and the old wine-red flower,
Solitary in summer sun? for all

Is like a dream: I tread on dreams! No stir
Of footsteps, voices, laughter! Even the chime
Of many-memoried bells is lonelier
In this neglected ghostliness of Time.

What stealing touch of separation numb
Absents you? Yet my heart springs up to adore
The shrining of your soul, that is become
Nearer and oh, far dearer than before.

It is as if I looked on the still face
Of a Mother, musing where she sits alone.
She is with her sons, she is not in this place;
She is gone out into far lands unknown.

Because that filled horizon occupies
Her heart with mute prayer and divining fear,
Therefore her hands so calm lie, and her eyes
See nothing; and men wonder at her here:

But far in France; on the torn Flanders plain;
By Sinai; in the Macedonian snows;
The fly-plagued sands of Tigris, heat and rain;
On wandering water, where the black squall blows

Less danger than the bright wave ambushes,
She bears it out. All the long day she bears
And the sudden hour of instant challenges
To act, that searches all men, no man spares.

She is with her sons, leaving a virtue gone
Out of her sacred places: what she bred
Lives other life than this, that sits alone,
Though still in dream starrily visited!

For O in youth she lives, not in her age.
Her soul is with the springtime and the young;
And she absents her from the learned page,
Studious of high histories yet unsung,

More passionately prized than wisdom's book
Because her own. Her faith is in those eyes
That clear into the gape of hell can look,
Putting to proof ancient philosophies

Such as the virgin Muses would rehearse
Beside the silvery, swallow-haunted stream,
Under the grey towers. But immortal verse
Is now exchanged for its immortal theme —

Victory; proud loss; and the enduring mind;
Youth, that has passed all praises, and has won
More than renown, being that which faith divined,
Reality more radiant than the sun.

She gave, she gives, more than all anchored days
Of dedicated lore, of storied art;
And she resigns her beauty to men's gaze
To mask the riches of her bleeding heart.

Laurence Binyon

TO THE OXFORD MEN IN THE WAR

Often, on afternoons gray and sombre,
When clouds lie low and dark with rain,
A random bell strikes a chord familiar
And I hear the Oxford chimes again.
Never I see a swift stream running
Cold and full from shore to shore,
But I think of Isis, and remember
The leaping boat and the throbbing oar.

O my brothers, my more than brothers —
Lost and gone are those days indeed:
Where are the bells, the gowns, the voices,
All that made us one blood and breed?
Gone — and in many an unknown pitfall
You have swinked, and died like men —
And here I sit in a quiet chamber
Writing on paper with a pen.

O my brothers, my more than brothers —
Big, intolerant, gallant boys!
Going to war as into a boat-race,
Full of laughter and fond of noise!
I can imagine your smile: how eager,
Nervous for the suspense to be done —
And I remember the Iffley meadows,
The crew alert for the starting gun.

Old gray city, O dear gray city,
How young we were, and how close to Truth!
We envied no one, we hated no one,
All was magical to our youth.

Still, in the hall of the Triple Roses,
The cannel casts its ruddy span,
And still the garden gate discloses
The message *Manners Makyth Man.*

Then I recall that an Oxford college,
Setting a stone for those who have died,
Nobly remembered all her children —
Even those on the German side.
That was Oxford! and that was England!
Fight your enemy, fight him square;
But in justice, honour, and pity
Even the enemy has his share.

Christopher Morley

November, 1916

[From *Songs for a Little House.* Copyright, 1916, by George H. Doran Company.]

THE GHOSTS OF OXFORD

As I went walking up and down
The darkened streets of Oxford town,
I seemed to see them all astir
With ghosts of those who died for her;
I saw the Scholar and the Blue,
The Smug, the Blood, the Slacker too,
Who, different in all beside,
Were like in this — the way they died.
O Oxford men, from Smug to Blue,
My heart was sore, was sore for you!
And then there came across the years
A voice as through a mist of tears:
"And what of us who wore the gown,
Long since with you in Oxford town?

Should we have died as brave and gay
As those who die for her to-day?"
And I made answer: "Even so!
O friends of thirty years ago.
We too, God helping us, had died
As gay, as nobly satisfied!"
These were the ghosts I seemed to see,
These were the ghosts that talked with me,
As I went walking up and down
The darkened streets of Oxford town.

W. Snow

SUBALTERNS

A Song of Oxford

They had so much to lose; their radiant laughter
Shook my old walls — how short a time ago!
I hold the echoes of their song hereafter
Among the precious things I used to know.

Their cup of life was full to overflowing,
All earth had laid its tribute at their feet.
What harvest might we hope from such a sowing?
What noonday from a dawning so complete?

And I — I watched them working, dreaming, playing,
Saw their young bodies fit the mind's desire,
Felt them reach outward, upward, still obeying
The passionate dictates of their hidden fire.

Yet here and there some greybeard breathed derision,
"Too much of luxury, too soft an age!

Your careless Galahads will see no vision,
  Your knights will make no mark on honour's page."

No mark? — Go ask the broken fields in Flanders,
  Ask the great dead who watched in ancient Troy,
Ask the old moon as round the world she wanders,
  What of the men who were my hope and joy!

They are but fragments of Imperial splendour,
  Handfuls of might amid a mighty host,
Yet I, who saw them go with proud surrender,
  May surely claim to love them first and most.

They who had all, gave all. Their half-writ story
  Lies in the empty halls they knew so well,
But they, the knights of God, shall see His glory,
  And find the Grail ev'n in the fire of hell.

Mildred Huxley

REFLECTIONS

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS" [1]

I

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

Thomas Hardy

1915

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS

If courage thrives on reeking slaughter,
And he who kills is lord
Of beauty and of loving laughter —
Gird on me a sword!
If death be dearest comrade proven,
If life be coward's mate,

[1] Jeremiah li, 20.

If Nazareth of dreams be woven —
Give me fighter's fate!
. . . . . .
If God be thrilled by a battle cry,
If He can bless the moaning fight,
If when the trampling charge goes by
God Himself is the leading Knight;
If God laughs when the gun thunders,
If He yells when the bullet sings —
Then my stoic soul but wonders
How great God can do such things!
. . . . . .
The white gulls wheeling over the plough,
The sun, the reddening trees —
We being enemies, I and thou,
There is no meaning to these.
There is no flight on the wings of Spring,
No scent in the summer rose;
The roundelays that the blackbirds sing —
There is no meaning in those!

If you must kill me — why the lark,
The hawthorn bud, and the corn?
Why do the stars bedew the dark?
Why is the blossom born?
If I must kill you — why the kiss
Which made you? There *is* no why!
If it be true we were born for this —
Pitiful Love, Goodbye!
. . . . . .
Not for the God of battles!
For Honour, Freedom and Right,
And saving of gentle Beauty,
We have gone down to fight!

John Galsworthy

THE RAGGED STONE

As I was walking with my dear, my dear come back at last,
The shadow of the Ragged Stone fell on us as we passed:

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged Stone
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor yet alone.

And we're to wed come Michaelmas, my lovely dear and I;
And we're to have a little house, and do not want to die.

But all the folk are fighting in the lands across the sea,
Because the King and counsellors went mad in Germany.

Because the King and counsellors went mad, my love and I
May never have a little house before we come to die.

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged Stone
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor yet alone.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

[From *Hill-Tracks*. Copyright, 1918, by The Macmillan Company.]

THE PEACEFUL WARRIOR

THERE is no joy in strife,
Peace is my great desire;
Yet God forbid I lose my life
Through fear to face the fire.

A peaceful man must fight
For that which peace demands, —
Freedom and faith, honor and right,
Defend with heart and hands.

Farewell, my friendly books;
Farewell, ye woods and streams;
The fate that calls me forward looks
To a duty beyond dreams.

Oh, better to be dead
With a face turned to the sky,
Than live beneath a slavish dread
And serve a giant lie.

Stand up, my heart, and strive
For the things most dear to thee!
Why should we care to be alive
Unless the world is free?

Henry van Dyke

April 20, 1918

[Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.]

THE GUNS IN SUSSEX

LIGHT green of grass and richer green of bush
Slope upwards to the darkest green of fir;
How still! How deathly still! And yet the hush
Shivers and trembles with some subtle stir,

Some far-off throbbing, like a muffled drum,
Beaten in broken rhythm over sea,
To play the last funereal march of some
Who die to-day that Europe may be free.

The deep-blue heaven, curving from the green,
Spans with its shimmering arch the flowery zone;
In all God's earth there is no gentler scene,
And yet I hear that awesome monotone;
Above the circling midge's piping shrill,
And the long droning of the questing bee,
Above all sultry summer sounds, it still
Mutters its ceaseless menaces to me.

And as I listen all the garden fair
Darkens to plains of misery and death,
And looking past the roses I see there
Those sordid furrows, with the rising breath
Of all things foul and black. My heart is hot
Within me as I view it, and I cry,
"Better the misery of these men's lot
Than all the peace that comes to such as I!"

And strange that in the pauses of the sound
I hear the children's laughter as they roam,
And then their mother calls, and all around
Rise up the gentle murmurs of a home.
But still I gaze afar, and at the sight
My whole soul softens to its heartfelt prayer,
"Spirit of Justice, Thou for whom they fight,
Ah, turn, in mercy, to our lads out there!

"The froward peoples have deserved Thy wrath,
And on them is the Judgment as of old.

Q.H.H.9985

But if they wandered from the hallowed path,
Yet is their retribution manifold.
Behold all Europe writhing on the rack,
The sins of fathers grinding down the sons,
How long, O Lord!" He sends no answer back,
But still I hear the mutter of the guns.

Arthur Conan Doyle

GODS OF WAR

FATE wafts us from the pygmies' shore:
We swim beneath the epic skies:
A Rome and Carthage war once more,
And wider empires are the prize;
Where the beaked galleys clashed, lo, these
Our iron dragons of the seas!

High o'er the cloudy battle sweep
The wingéd chariots in their flight.
The steely creatures of the deep
Cleave the dark waters' ancient night.
Below, above, in wave, in air
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword
Those stars that burst with fiery breath:
More loud the battle cries are poured
Along a hundred leagues of death.
So do they fight. How have ye warred,
Defeated Armies of the Lord?

This is the Dark Immortal's hour;
His victory, whoever fail;

His prophets have not lost their power:
Cæsar and Attila prevail.
These are your legions still, proud ghosts,
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes Thine empire, Prince of Peace!
With the fleet circling of the suns
The ancient gods their power increase.
Lo, how Thine own anointed ones
Do pour upon the warring bands
The devil's blessings from their hands.

Who dreamed a dream 'mid outcasts born
Could overbrow the pride of kings?
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
His Dove its gold and silver wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
Lip reverence that the heart denies,
O Nations! Is not Zeus to-day,
The thunderer from the epic skies,
More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the hot noon.
Come in the twilight of the world:
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

A. E.

A LOST LAND

(To Germany)

[Reprinted by permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.]

A childhood land of mountain ways,
Where earthy gnomes and forest fays,
Kind foolish giants, gentle bears,
Sport with the peasant as he fares
Affrighted through the forest glades,
And lead sweet wistful little maids
Lost in the woods, forlorn, alone,
To princely lovers and a throne.

* * * * *

Dear haunted land of gorge and glen,
Ah me! the dreams, the dreams of men!

A learned land of wise old books
And men with meditative looks,
Who move in quaint red-gabled towns
And sit in gravely-folded gowns,
Divining in deep-laden speech
The world's supreme arcana — each
A homely god to listening Youth
Eager to tear the veil of Truth;

* * * * *

Mild votaries of book and pen —
Alas, the dreams, the dreams of men!

A music land, whose life is wrought
In movements of melodious thought;
In symphony, great wave on wave —
Or fugue, elusive, swift, and grave;
A singing land, whose lyric rhymes
Float on the air like village chimes:
Music and Verse — the deepest part
Of a whole nation's thinking heart!

* * * * *

Oh land of Now, oh land of Then!
Dear God! the dreams, the dreams of men!

Slave nation in a land of hate,
Where are the things that made you great?
Child-hearted once — oh, deep defiled,
Dare you look now upon a child?
Your lore — a hideous mask wherein
Self-worship hides its monstrous sin: —
Music and Verse, divinely wed —
How can these live where love is dead?

* * * * *

Oh, depths, beneath sweet human ken,
God help the dreams, the dreams of men!

Kathleen Knox

OF GREATHAM

(To those who live there)

For peace, than knowledge more desirable,
Into your Sussex quietness I came,
When summer's green and gold and azure fell
Over the world in flame.

And peace upon your pasture-lands I found,
Where grazing flocks drift on continually,
As little clouds that travel with no sound
Across a windless sky.

Out of your oaks the birds call to their mates
That brood among the pines, where hidden deep
From curious eyes a world's adventure waits
In columned choirs of sleep.

Under the calm ascension of the night
We heard the mellow lapsing and return
Of night-owls purring in their groundling flight
Through lanes of darkling fern.

Unbroken peace when all the stars were drawn
Back to their lairs of light, and ranked along
From shire to shire the downs out of the dawn
Were risen in golden song.

. . . . . .

I sing of peace who have known the large unrest
Of men bewildered in their travelling,
And I have known the bridal earth unblest
By the brigades of spring.

I have known that loss. And now the broken thought
Of nations marketing in death I know,
The very winds to threnodies are wrought
That on your downlands blow.

I sing of peace. Was it but yesterday
I came among your roses and your corn?
Then momently amid this wrath I pray
For yesterday reborn.

John Drinkwater

'IT WILL BE A HARD WINTER'

They say the blue king jays have flown
From woods of Westchester:
So I am off for Luthany,
But I shall make no stir;
For who fair Luthany would see,
Must set him forth alone.

In screwing winds last night the snow
Creaked like an angry jinn;
And two old men from up the State
Said, "Bears went early in," —
Half pausing by my ice-locked gate, —
"March will be late to blow."

So I for Luthany am bound,
And I shall take no pack;
You cannot find the way, you know,
With feet that make a track,
But light as blowing leaf must go,
And you must hear a sound

That's like a singing strange and high
Of birds you've never seen;
Then two ghosts come; as doves they move,
While you must walk between;
And one is Youth and one is Love,
Who say, "We did not die."

The harp-built walls of Luthany
Are builded high and strong,
To shelter singer, fool, and seer;
And glad they live, and long.

All others die who enter there,
But they are safe, these three.

The seer can warm his body through
By some far fire he sees;
The fool can naked dance in snow;
The singer — as he please!
And which I be of these, oho,
That is a guess for you!

Once in a thousand years, they say,
The walls are beaten down;
And then they find a singer dead;
But swift they set a crown
Upon his lowly, careless head,
And sing his song for aye!

So I to Luthany will flee,
While here the winter raves.
God send I go not as one blind
A-dancing upon graves!
God save a madman if I find
War's heel on Luthany!

Olive Tilford Dargan

THE STEEPLE

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There's mist in the hollows,
There's gold on the tree,
And South go the swallows
Away over sea.

They home in our steeple
That climbs in the wind,
And, parson and people,
We welcome them kind.

The steeple was set here
In 1266;
If William could get here
He'd burn it to sticks.

He'd burn it for ever,
Bells, belfry and vane,
That swallows would never
Come back there again.

He'd bang down their perches
With cannon and gun,
For churches are churches,
And William's a Hun.

So — mist in the hollow
And leaf falling brown —
Ere home comes the swallow
May William be down!

And high stand the steeples
From Lincoln to Wells
For parsons and peoples,
For birds and for bells!

Patrick R. Chalmers

CHRIST IN FLANDERS

We had forgotten You, or very nearly —
You did not seem to touch us very nearly —
  Of course we thought about You now and then;
Especially in any time of trouble —
We knew that You were good in time of trouble —
  But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of —
There's lots of things a man has got to think of —
  His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on Sunday —
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday —
  Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway —
In country lane, in city street, or byway —
  You walked among us, and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements
How *did* we miss Your Footprints on our pavements? —
  Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember; over here in Flanders —
(It is n't strange to think of You in Flanders) —
  This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
We never thought about You much in England —
But now that we are far away from England —
  We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches —
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches —
  You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.

You stood beside us in our pain and weakness —
We're glad to think You understand our weakness —
  Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden —
Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden —
  We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it —
'T would be the knowledge that You willed to bear it —
  Pain — death — the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You — You will not forget us —
We feel so sure that You will not forget us —
  But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon —
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon —
  And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

L. W.

BATTLE SLEEP

Somewhere, O sun, some corner there must be
  Thou visitest, where down the strand
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea
  From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard-bloom the roof-trees stand,
  The brown sheep graze along the bay,
And through the apple-boughs above the sand
  The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There through uncounted hours declines the day
  To the low arch of twilight's close,
And, just as night about the moon grows gray,
  One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing
Forever moving through the fiery hail,
To flame-seared lids the cooling vision bring,
And let some soul go seaward with that sail!

Edith Wharton

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NAPOLEON

For France and liberty he set apart
His soul at first in aspiration high.
But pure thoughts wither and ideals die.
And self, fed richly from ambition's mart,
Swelled, triumphed with insinuating art,
The hideous, monstrous, all-engrossing I,
Which strangled love and France and liberty
And laid its eager clutch on Europe's heart.

Then Spain assailed it like an autumn gust,
And England netted it with her sea-might,
And Russia opened all her icy graves.
The huge colossus crumbled into dust
And sank forever out of human sight
On a lone island 'mid the Atlantic waves.

Gamaliel Bradford

NAPOLEON'S TOMB

Through the great doors, where Paris flowed incessant,
Fell certain dimness, as of some poised hour,
Caught from the ashes of the Infinite
And prisoned there in solemn purple state,

To make illusion for dead majesty!
A dusk of greatness, such as well might brood
Beneath the wings of Destiny's proud day;
A calm, immortal twilight mantling up
To the great dome, where painted triumph rides
High o'er the dust that once bestrode it all —
Nor ever fame had fairer firmament!
It was as though Ambition still should live
In marble over him; as though his dream —
From whose high tower and colored casements round
He, with a royal thievery in his eye,
Did look upon the apple of a world —
Should take this shape, and being clothed with walls.
Stand, in such permanence as matter gives
To house his glory through the centuries.

* * * * * * * * *

Then I went in, with Paris pressing slow,
And saw the long blue shadows folding down
Upon the casket of the Emperor.
A soldier in a faded uniform
Stood close beside me. He was one of those
Who die and leave no lament on the wind . . .
And straightway gazing on him I beheld
Not death's magnificence; not fame's hushed tomb —
But grim Oblivion, and the fields of France!
And on some nameless hillside, where the night
Sets out wild flaming candles for the dead,
Innumerable corpses palely sprawled
Beneath the silent, cold, anonymous stars.

Dana Burnet

Paris, 1918

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THE VISION OF SPRING, 1916

All night in a cottage far
Death and I had waged our war
Where, at such a bitter cost,
Death had won and I had lost;
And as I climbed up once more
From that poor, tear-darkened door,
From the valley seemed to rise,
In one cry, all human cries —

Yea, from such a mortal woe
Earth seemed at its overthrow,
And the very deeps unlocked
Of all anguished ages, mocked
In that they beheld at last
This their self-sown holocaust,
And their latest, loveliest sons
Shattered by ten thousand guns.

Then the friend who said to me,
Naught's so brief as agony,
Seemed to stand revealed and blind,
And a foe to humankind,
And I cried, Why very Spring
Shudders at this fearful thing,
And withholds her kindling sun,
Seeing Life and Grief are one.

Nay, said he, but in all earth
There's one power, and that is Birth,
And the starkest human pain
Is but joy being born again,

And all night, had you but heard,
There's no depth that has not stirred
That to-morrow men may see
God in every bursting tree —

Yea, he said, the Very God
In each blade that bends the sod,
In each sod that feeds the blade,
In each hushed, far-hidden glade,
In each prairie, running free
O'er some long fast-frozen sea,
In each jungle, fierce and lush
From its glutting thunder-gush,
In each mammoth mountain-side,
Thrust from womb of earth in pride,
Climbing till creation dies
From its crude, star-stricken eyes —

Yea, and in all eyes that see
That frustrate immensity,
And the larger life that wings
In the least of creeping things;
In the swift, invisible rain
Poured into the human brain,
In all gods that men made first
When earth's glories on them burst,
Gods of serpents, stars, and trees,
And the gods that fashioned these,

Great Gautama, propped afar
Where no tears or laughter are,
And the greater God Who died
That men might, uncrucified

From the cross of pride and priest,
Be as brothers at life's feast,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Love in everyone —

And I saw then fall away
Veils from that gun-shattered clay
And, beneath each scalding tear,
Sink to death some human fear,
And, behind each springing blade,
Move the slow, divine brigade
Of all brave, up-rendered life
To the last supremest strife —

Yea, I saw from upper air
God in ambush everywhere;
And at that triumphant sight
Lo, the dawn out-topped the night.

H. H. Bashford

NIAGARA

I

Within the town of Buffalo
Are prosy men with leaden eyes.
Like ants they worry to and fro,
(Important men, in Buffalo.)
But only twenty miles away
A deathless glory is at play:
Niagara, Niagara.

The women buy their lace and cry: —
"O such a delicate design,"

And over ostrich feathers sigh,
By counters there, in Buffalo.
The children haunt the trinket shops,
They buy false-faces, bells, and tops,
Forgetting great Niagara.

Within the town of Buffalo
Are stores with garnets, sapphires, pearls,
Rubies, emeralds aglow, —
Opal chains in Buffalo,
Cherished symbols of success.
They value not your rainbow dress: —
Niagara, Niagara.

The shaggy meaning of her name
This Buffalo, this recreant town,
Sharps and lawyers prune and tame:
Few pioneers in Buffalo;
Except young lovers flushed and fleet
And winds hallooing down the street:
"Niagara, Niagara."

The journalists are sick of ink:
Boy prodigals are lost in wine,
By night where white and red lights blink,
The eyes of Death, in Buffalo.
And only twenty miles away
Are starlit rocks and healing spray: —
Niagara, Niagara.

Above the town a tiny bird,
A shining speck at sleepy dawn,
Forgets the ant-hill so absurd,

This self-important Buffalo.
Descending twenty miles away
He bathes his wings at break of day —
Niagara, Niagara.

II

What marching men of Buffalo
Flood the streets in rash crusade?
Fools-to-free-the-world, they go,
Primeval hearts from Buffalo.
Red cataracts of France to-day
Awake, three thousand miles away,
An echo of Niagara,
The cataract Niagara.

Vachel Lindsay

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES

And now, while the dark vast earth shakes and rocks
In this wild dream-like snare of mortal shocks,
How look (I muse) those cold and solitary stars
On these magnificent, cruel wars? —
Venus, that brushes with her shining lips
(Surely!) the wakeful edge of the world and mocks
With hers its all ungentle wantonness? —
Or the large moon (pricked by the spars of ships
Creeping and creeping in their restlessness),
The moon pouring strange light on things more strange,
Looks she unheedfully on seas and lands
Trembling with change and fear of counterchange?

O, not earth trembles, but the stars, the stars!
The sky is shaken and the cool air is quivering.

I cannot look up to the crowded height
And see the fair stars trembling in their light,
For thinking of the starlike spirits of men
Crowding the earth and with great passion quivering: —
Stars quenched in anger and hate, stars sick with pity.
I cannot look up to the naked skies
Because a sorrow on dark midnight lies,
Death, on the living world of sense;
Because on my own land a shadow lies
That may not rise;
Because from bare grey hillside and rich city
Streams of uncomprehending sadness pour,
Thwarting the eager spirit's pure intelligence . . .
How look (I muse) those cold and solitary stars
On these magnificent, cruel wars?

Stars trembled in broad heaven, faint with pity.
An hour to dawn I looked. Beside the trees
Wet mist shaped other trees that branching rose,
Covering the woods and putting out the stars.
There was no murmur on the seas,
No wind blew — only the wandering air that grows
With dawn, then murmurs, sighs,
And dies.
The mist climbed slowly, putting out the stars,
And the earth trembled when the stars were gone;
And moving strangely everywhere upon
The trembling earth, thickened the watery mist.

And for a time the holy things are veiled.
England's wise thoughts are swords; her quiet hours
Are trodden underfoot like wayside flowers,

And every English heart is England's wholly.
In starless night
A serious passion streams the heaven with light.
A common beating is in the air —
The heart of England throbbing everywhere.
And all her roads are nerves of noble thought,
And all her people's brain is but her brain;
And all her history, less her shame,
Is part of her requickened consciousness.
Her courage rises clean again.

Even in victory there hides defeat;
The spirit's murdered though the body survives,
Except the cause for which a people strives
Burn with no covetous, foul heat.
Fights she against herself who infamously draws
The sword against man's secret spiritual laws.
But thou, England, because a bitter heel
Hath sought to bruise the brain, the sensitive will,
The conscience of the world,
For this, England, art risen, and shalt fight
Purely through long profoundest night,
Making their quarrel thine who are grieved like thee;
And (if to thee the stars yield victory)
Tempering their hate of the great foe that hurled
Vainly her strength against the conscience of the world.

I looked again, or dreamed I looked, and saw
The stars again and all their peace again.
The moving mist had gone, and shining still
The moon went high and pale above the hill.
Not now those lights were trembling in the vast
Ways of the nervy heaven, nor trembled earth:

Profound and calm they gazed as the soft-shod hours
passed.
And with less fear (not with less awe,
Remembering, England, all the blood and pain),
How look, I cried, you stern and solitary stars
On these disastrous wars!

John Freeman

August, 1914

A SUMMER MORNING

The summer meads are fair with daisy-snow,
White as the dove's wing, flawless as the foam
On the brown beaches where the breakers comb
When the long Trades their morning bugles blow;
And over all there is a golden glow,
For the sun sits ascendant in the dome;
And smoke-wreaths rise from many a cottage home
Where there is peace, and joy's full overflow.

This is our heritage, but what of those
Who crouch where Yser's sad, ensanguined tide
Winds with its sluggish crescents, toward the sea;
Where Termonde bells are silent, and the wide
And stricken leagues of Flemish land disclose
The ruthless wrong, the piteous agony!

Clinton Scollard

APOCALYPSE

The visions of the soul, more strange than dreams,
Out-mystery sleep. For them, no day redeems,
And the thing is, but is not as it seems.

I thought I saw (although I did not sleep)
A Raft that clomb the surges black and steep
With One who cursed the dumb God-blinded Deep.

Red as the eye of anger the Sun set;
And giant Thunders round him, black as jet,
Gazed down into those black Deeps they beset;

And under them and mirroring them, a scud
Of glassy mountains moved athwart the flood,
Laced by that last gleam with a foam of blood.

*

Then he who lived upon that desperate craft,
Crown'd and a King, stood forth and kinglike quaff'd
Red wine, and raised his voice aloud, and laugh'd:

"Roll on and rot for all thy corpses, Sea,
That with thy moonsuck'd surges wouldest be
Lord of the halycon Earth, thine enemy —

With altercations of great waves and air,
And sobs and cries of anger, wouldest tear
Piecemeal her patient fields and all things there.

Ungovernable god, thee I defy,
Weak man. Canst thou for all thy rage reply?" . . .
Then from beneath there came the answer, Aye.

*

He heard, but deem'd his thought replied to thought
And cried again aloud (the red ray caught
His crown of gold with flaming rubies wrought):

"Improvident, furious, idle, hot to hate
Laborious Earth — her unlaborious mate,
Strong but in anger, in destruction great:

Her fields and floods, where flow'rs are grown and
glass'd;
Thine, where thy mad waves run like things outcast,
And scarce the staggering petrel braves the blast,

And no flowers blow but capering crests of spray:
Confess thyself a god who can but slay." . . .
But from the deeps the deep Voice answer'd, Nay.

*

Half startled, still in reverie unaware,
He cried again as one who mocks despair;
And still the surges roll'd and rock'd him there:

"Then rumble in all thy depths, Leviathan,
And learn my scorn — thy master and a man.
So answer me if thou art more and can." . . .

There came a thrill, a spasm, as when the blow
Of earthquake runs before the crash, and lo
The dreadful Voice cried Silence from below.

*

He heard, he rose, he laugh'd as if in jest,
And drank red wine. (The red ray came to rest
Within the blood-red ruby on his breast):

Art thou then there, down there, O damnèd dumb
Bold braggard, born to threaten yet succumb —
For ever overcoming e'er o'ercome?

What though thou roarest, still I will not bow
To thee, all-mighty, my God-gifted brow;
A mortal; yet, immortal, more than thou."

*

So said. Night fell. But from the deep below
A giant Hand emerged, enormous, slow;
And drew him down. And the Voice answer'd, So.

Ronald Ross

FULFILMENT

"When all the mysteries of life had been fulfilled in them . . ."

When wars are done,
And when the splendour of the setting sun
Goes down serenely on a quiet shore,
Whose faithful tides for evermore
Bring in the memory
Of those who died that life might be:
When we are grown so tender and so brave,
That on a bitter grave
We lay forgiveness, garlanded
With love and pity, for the alien dead,
Grieving that they were cruel once and blind,
Praying that in Thy Light their eyes may find
The vision of a world that still can be,
A kinship such as neither they nor we
Dreamed in the old unshriven days.
Yea, when divided ways
Are one,
A grander world begun:
When love and tears and laughter are grown deep
As sacraments, and Mercies never sleep

But watch and mourn the dead
Where they lie comforted:
And when the heart's warm rain
Falls on the blessed grain
Of Brotherhood, when eager sowers fling
It lavishly and far, that it may spring
In harvests sweet and wide
Whose thrilling sheaves are tied
By hands once enemied:
When all of this shall be,
Then, then a second Calvary
Shall rise; the Mount whereon the price
Of deathless peace is laid, Man's love and sacrifice.
A Hill immense, resplendent, high,
Whence all the ruined earth, the darkened sky
Shall kindle, and shall burn with phœnix-fire,
The flame of purged desire.

G. O. Warren

TO MY PUPILS, GONE BEFORE THEIR DAY

You seemed so young, to know
So little, those few months or years ago,
Who may by now have disentwined
The inmost secrets of the Eternal Mind.

Yours seemed an easy part,
To construe, learn some trivial lines by heart:
Yet to your hands has God assigned
The burden of the sorrows of mankind.

You passed the brief school year
In expectation of some long career,

Then yielded up all years to find
That long career that none can leave behind.

If you had lived, some day
You would have passed my room, and chanced to say,
'I wonder if it's worth the grind
Of all those blunders he has underlined.'

Perhaps! if at the end
You in your turn shall teach me how to mend
The many errors whose effect
Eternity awaits us to correct.

Guy Kendall

"THESE SHALL PREVAIL"

War laid bugle to his lips, blew one blast — and then
The seas answered him with ships, the earth with men.

Straight, Death caught his sickle up, called his reapers grim,
Famine with his empty cup came after him.

Down the stairs of Paradise hastened angels three,
Pity, and Self-Sacrifice, and Charity.

Where the curved, black sickles sweep, where pale Famine clings,
Where gaunt women watch and weep, come these of wings.

When the red wrath perisheth, when the dulled swords fail,
These three who have walked with Death — these shall prevail.

Hell bade all its millions rise; Paradise sends three:
Pity, and Self-Sacrifice, and Charity.

Theodosia Garrison

MILITARY NECESSITY

Iscariot, never more thy stricken name
Sound now the blinded deeps of infamy;
Nor thy poor hurried, faltering sin shall be
The world-worn symbol of an utmost shame.
A thousand years, two thousand, still the same
Red gleam of torches, ever there to see
On the gray darkness of Gethsemane! —
Now, newer lights outflare their simple flame.

For you, half-hearted, must limp back to say —
With but one death of Christ to grieve about! —
"Lo, I have sinned, in that I did betray . . .
Innocent blood."
Now, — weak with no such doubt,
Men write: "No hate was here. Our chosen way
They chose to bar. —
And they are blotted out."

Josephine Preston Peabody

YPRES TOWER, RYE

Tower of Ypres that watchest, gravely smiling,
Green marsh-meadows stretching far away,
With long thoughts of famous deeds beguiling
March unceasing of the ages gray,
Once beneath thee
Swayed the seaweed, churned and foamed the sea.

Fleet of Frenchman, fleet of Spaniard thundered,
Victor, vanquished, 'neath your little hill,
Gaily fearless if they fled or plundered,
You, who faced our foemen, face them still —
Now the reeds sigh,
Young lambs frolic where tall ships sailed by.

Tower of Ypres, a little slept your glory,
Lips again are busy with your name,
Ypres again is famous in our story,
Ypres of Flanders, wrapt in blood and flame —
Here the spring song,
There black ruin, hate and death and wrong.

Dear gray Sussex town, your childlike beauty,
Passing price and more desired than gold,
Speaks to English souls of love, and duty
Faithful in the little wars of old —
In our hearts still
Live your dreaming fens, your bastioned hill.

Everard Owen

April, 1917

KAISER AND COUNSELLOR

(On First Looking into Bernhardi's *Our Next War*)

I

Through what dark pass to what place in the sun
Dost thou, misguided Moses, lead this folk?
What rest remains when wayfaring is done?
What clearer skies beyond the cannon-smoke?

Say not he triumphs, though his trampling host,
That knows above his nation's lust no law,
From inland village to the fearful coast
Still treads the peaceful peoples red and raw.
Nay, pity him the banded friends abhor,
Who sees — the tragic fool and slave of state —
Behind him stretch the sterile wastes of war,
Before, a widening wilderness of hate,
While all the world lifts up one wrathful cry
To give this Prussian Machiavel the lie.

II

White mouths that clamor for the unreaped wheat,
Frail hands that clasp the unresponsive dead,
Brave Belgian hearts, unconquered in defeat,
Dispeopled, exiled King: be comforted.
Though we close not the assaulted gates of sense
To shrieking towns, the gurgle of great ships
In drowning agonies, the fields immense
Horrid with shuddering limbs and writhen lips,
Yet since your woe has wrought this lift and swell
Of worldwide pity, love, and chivalry,
We say the awful sacrifice is well.
The old law holds; on this new Calvary
Humanity, uplifted, crucified,
Still draws all hearts unto its wounded side.

Stuart P. Sherman

THE HIDDEN WEAVER

THERE where he sits in the cold, in the gloom,
Of his far-away place by his thundering loom,
He weaves on the shuttles of day and of night
The shades of our sorrow and shapes of delight.

He has wrought him a glimmering garment to fling
Over the sweet swift limbs of the Spring,
He has woven a fabric of wonder to be
For a blue and a billowy robe to the sea,
He has fashioned in sombre funereal dyes
A tissue of gold for the midnight skies.

But sudden the woof turns all to red.
Has he lost his craft? Has he snapped his thread?
Sudden the web all sanguine runs.
Does he hear the yell of the thirsting guns?
While the scarlet crimes and the crimson sins
Grow from the dizzying outs and ins
Of the shuttle that spins, does he see it and feel?
Or is he the slave of a tyrannous wheel?

Inscrutable faces, mysterious eyes,
Are watching him out of the drifting skies;
Exiles of chaos crowd through the gloom
Of the uttermost cold to that thundering room
And whisper and peer through the dusk to mark
What thing he is weaving there in the dark.
Will he leave the loom that he won from them
And rend his fabric from hem to hem?
Is he weaving with daring and skill sublime
A wonderful winding-sheet for time?

Ah, but he sits in a darkling place,
Hiding his hands, hiding his face,
Hiding his art behind the shine
Of the web that he weaves so long and fine.
Loudly the great wheel hums and rings
And we hear not even the song that he sings.

Over the whirr of the shuttles and all
The roar and the rush, does he hear when we call?

Only the colors that grow and glow
Swift as the hurrying shuttles go,
Only the figures vivid or dim
That flow from the hastening hands of him,
Only the fugitive shapes are we,
Wrought in the web of eternity.

Odell Shepard

SHADOWS AND LIGHTS

What gods have met in battle to arouse
This whirling shadow of invisible things,
These hosts that writhe amid the shattered sods?
O Father, and O Mother of the gods,
Is there some trouble in the heavenly house?
We who are captained by its unseen kings
Wonder what thrones are shaken in the skies,
What powers who held dominion o'er our will
Let fall the sceptre, and what destinies
The younger gods may drive us to fulfil.

Have they not swayed us, earth's invisible lords,
With whispers and with breathings from the dark?
The very border stones of nations mark
Where silence swallowed some wild prophet's words
That rang but for an instant and were still,
Yet were so burthened with eternity,
They maddened all who heard to work their will,
To raise the lofty temple on the hill,

And many a glittering thicket of keen swords
Flashed out to make one law for land and sea,
That earth might move with heaven in company.

The cities that to myriad beauty grew
Were altars raised unto old gods who died,
And they were sacrificed in ruins to
The younger gods who took their place of pride;
They have no brotherhood, the deified,
No high companionship of throne by throne,
But will their beauty still to be alone.

What is a nation but a multitude
United by some god-begotten mood,
Some hope of liberty or dream of power
That have not with each other brotherhood
But warred in spirit from their natal hour,
Their hatred god-begotten as their love,
Reverberations of eternal strife?
For all that fury breathed in human life,
Are ye not guilty, answer, ye above?

Ah, no, the circle of the heavenly ones,
That ring of burning, grave, inflexible powers,
Array in harmony amid the deep
The shining legionaries of the suns,
That through their day from dawn to twilight keep
The peace of heaven, and have no feuds like ours.
The Morning Stars their labours of the dawn
Close at the advent of the Solar Kings,
And these with joy their sceptres yield, withdrawn
When the still Evening Stars begin their reign,
And twilight time is thrilled with homing wings
To the All-Father being turned again.

No, not on high begin divergent ways,
The galaxies of interlinkèd lights
Rejoicing on each other's beauty gaze,
'T is we who do make errant all the rays
That stream upon us from the astral heights.
Love in our thickened air too redly burns;
And unto vanity our beauty turns;
Wisdom, that softly whispers us to part
From evil, swells to hatred in the heart.
Dark is the shadow of invisible things
On us who look not up, whose vision fails.
The glorious shining of the heavenly kings
To mould us to their image naught avails,
They weave a robe of many-coloured fire
To garb the spirits moving in the deep,
And in the upper air its splendours keep
Pure and unsullied, but below it trails
Darkling and glimmering in our earthly mire.

Our eyes are ever earthwards: We are swayed
But by the shadows of invisible light,
And shadow against shadow is arrayed
So that one dark may dominate the night.
Though kinsmen are the lights that cast the shade,
We look not up, nor see how, side by side,
The high originals of all our pride
In crowned and sceptred brotherhood are throned,
Compassionate of our blindness and our hate
That own the godship but the love disowned.

Ah, let us for a little while abate
The outward roving eye, and seek within
Where spirit unto spirit is allied;

There, in our inmost being, we may win
The joyful vision of the heavenly wise
To see the beauty in each other's eyes.

A. E.

THE BUGLER

God dreamed a man;
Then, having firmly shut
Life, like a precious metal in his fist,
Withdrew, His labour done. Thus did begin
Our various divinity and sin —
For some to ploughshares did the metal twist,
And others — dreaming Empires — straightway cut
Crowns for their aching foreheads. Others beat
Long nails and heavy hammers for the feet
Of their forgotten Lord. (Who dare to boast
That he is guiltless?) Others coined it: most
Did with it — simply nothing. (Here again
Who cries his innocence?) Yet doth remain
Metal unmarred, to each man more or less,
Whereof to fashion perfect loveliness.
For me, I do but bear within my hand
(For sake of Him, our Lord, now long forsaken)
A simple bugle such as may awaken
With one high morning note a drowsing man:
That wheresoe'er within my motherland
The sound may come, 't will echo far and wide,
Like pipes of battle calling up a clan,
Trumpeting men through beauty to God's side.

F. W. Harvey

[Written in a German prison camp.]

NON-COMBATANTS

Never of us be said
That we reluctant stood
As sullen children, and refused to dance
To the keen pipe that sounds across the fields of France.
Though shrill the note and wild,
Though hard the steps and slow,
The dancing floor defiled,
The measure full of woe,
And dread
The solemn figure that the dancers tread,
We faltered not. Of us, this word shall not be said.
Never of us be said
We had no war to wage,
Because our womanhood,
Because the weight of age,
Held us in servitude.
None sees us fight,
Yet we in the long night
Battle to give release
To all whom we must send to seek and die for peace.
When they have gone, we in a twilit place
Meet Terror face to face,
And strive
With him, that we may save our fortitude alive.
Theirs be the hard, but ours the lonely bed.
Nought were we spared — of us, this word shall not be said.
Never of us be said
We failed to give Godspeed to our adventurous dead.
Not in self-pitying mood

We saw them go,
When they set forth on those spread wings of pain:
So glad, so young,
As birds whose fairest lays are yet unsung
Dart to the height
And thence pour down their passion of delight,
Their passing into melody was turned.
So were our hearts uplifted from the low,
Our griefs to rapture burned;
And, mounting with the music of that throng,
Cutting a path athwart infinity,
Our puzzled eyes
Achieved the healing skies
To find again
Each wingèd spirit as a speck of song
Embosomed in Thy deep eternity.
Though from our homely fields that feathered joy has fled
We murmur not. Of us, this word shall not be said.

Evelyn Underhill

THE RED CHRISTMAS

("In these days even our wedding bells ring with a sombre and muffled sound." — Mr. Asquith, in the Speaker's Library, November 25, 1915.)

O TAKE away the mistletoe
And bring the holly berry,
For all the lads are gone away
And all the girls look sad to-day,
There's no one left with them to play,
And only birds and babes and things unknowing
Dare be merry.
Then take away the mistletoe
And bring the holly berry.

But oh its leaves are fresh and green,
Why bring the holly berry?
Because it wears the red, red hue,
The colour to the season true,
When war must have his tribute due,
And only birds and babes and things unknowing
Can be merry.
So take away the mistletoe,
Yet keep the holly berry.

And shall we never see again
Aught but the holly berry?
Yes, after sacrifice sublime,
When rings some later Christmas chime,
When dawns the new and better time,
Not only birds and babes and things unknowing
Shall be merry,
But you shall see the mistletoe
Twined with the holly berry.

W. H. Draper

"THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS"

THERE will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows calling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild-plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

Sara Teasdale

BOIS-ÉTOILÉ

What legend of a star that fell
In falchion flight from heavenly flame
Brought to some poet-peasant's mind
The haunting sweetness of thy name?

War marked thee in thy sylvan sleep —
A spoil too pure for Hell to spare —
Seamed earth, stark, splintered trunks, proclaim
That Bois-Étoilé once was fair.

O wrecked and ravaged Wood of Stars!
The lights that named thee have not set!
In lovelier groves than even thine
France forges victory from them yet!

O green place on a glorious earth,
Thine, too, the martyr's meed shall be;
With Rheims and Ypres, there shall be found
A space on History's page for thee.

Nor shalt thou lose thine olden trick —
The winds of Peace thy leaves shall stir;
(Unbudded Aprils yearn, adream,
To keep dead springtides' trysts with her!)

Ethel M. Hewitt

GOING TO THE FRONT

I HAD no heart to march for war
When trees were bare and fell the snow;
To go to-day is easier far
When pink and white the orchards blow,
While cuckoo calls and from the lilac bush
Carols at peace the well-contented thrush.

For now the gorse is all in flower,
The chestnut tapers light the morn,
Gold gleam the oaks, the sun has power
To robe the glittering plain with corn;
I hear from all the land of hope a voice
That bids me forward bravely and rejoice.

So merry are the lambs at play,
So cheerfully the cattle feed,
With such security the May
Has built green walls round every mead,
O'er happy roofs such grey old church-towers peep,
Who would not fight these dear, dear homes to keep?

For hawthorn wreath, for bluebell glade,
For miles of buttercup that shine,
For song of birds in sun and shade
That fortify this soul of mine,
For all May joy beneath an English sky,
How sweet to live — how glad and good to die!

Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley

DESPOTISMS

I. The Motor: 1905

From hedgerows where aromas fain would be
  New volleyed odours execrably rise;
  The flocks, with hell-smoke in their patient eyes,
Into the ditch from bawling ruin flee:
Spindrift of one abominated sea
  Along all roads in wrecking fury flies
  Till on young strangled leaf, on bloom that dies,
In this far plot it writes a rune for me.

Vast intimate tyranny! Nature dispossessed
  Helplessly hates thee, whose symbolic flare
Lights up (with what reiterance unblest!)
  Entrails of horror in a world thought fair.
False God of pastime thou, vampire of rest,
  Augur of what pollution, what despair?

II. The War: 1915

Speed without ruth, seedsman of vile success,
  Accustomed sight to ne'er-accustomed view!
  Am I not vindicate who strongly knew
Some portent there of pregnant ugliness?
The dooms are in; my soul hath won her guess.
  That which formed thee and franchised, had the cue
  To push all rudeness forward, and was due
To spawn ere long the sovereign menace. Yes,

Horror has come, has come! Horror set high,
  And drunk with boundless access, whirls amain:

Lost on the wind is Belgia's holy cry,
And Poland's hope shrinks underground again,
And France is singing to her wounds, where lie
The golden English heads like harvest grain.

Louise Imogen Guiney

THE CHOICE

THE Kings go by with jewelled crowns;
Their horses gleam, their banners shake, their spears are many.
The sack of many-peopled towns
Is all their dream:
The way they take
Leaves but a ruin in the brake,
And, in the furrow that the ploughmen make,
A stampless penny; a tale, a dream.

The Merchants reckon up their gold,
Their letters come, their ships arrive, their freights are glories:
The profits of their treasures sold
They tell and sum;
Their foremen drive
Their servants, starved to half-alive,
Whose labours do but make the earth a hive
Of stinking glories; a tale, a dream.

The Priests are singing in their stalls,
Their singing lifts, their incense burns, their praying clamours;
Yet God is as the sparrow falls,
The ivy drifts;

The votive urns
Are all left void when Fortune turns,
The god is but a marble for the kerns
To break with hammers; a tale, a dream.

O Beauty, let me know again
The green earth cold, the April rain, the quiet
waters figuring sky,
The one star risen.
So shall I pass into the feast
Not touched by King, Merchant, or Priest;
Know the red spirit of the beast,
Be the green grain;
Escape from prison.

John Masefield

INCIDENTS AND ASPECTS

THE CALL

HARK! 'T is the rush of the horses,
The crash of the galloping gun!
The stars are out of their courses;
The hour of Doom has begun.
Leap from thy scabbard, O sword!
This is the Day of the Lord!

Prate not of peace any longer,
Laughter and idlesse and ease!
Up, every man that is stronger!
Leave but the priest on his knees!
Quick, every hand to the hilt!
Who striketh not — his the guilt!

Call not each man on his brother!
Cry not to Heaven to save!
Thou art the man — not another —
Thou, to off glove and out glaive!
Fight ye who ne'er fought before!
Fight ye old fighters the more!

Oh, but the thrill and the splendour,
The sudden new knowledge — I can!
To fawn on no hireling defender,
But fight one's own fight as a man!
On woman's love won we set store;
To win one's own manhood is more.

Who hath a soul that will glow not,
Set face to face with the foe?

"Is life worth living?" — I know not:
Death is worth dying, I know.
Aye, I would gamble with Hell,
And — losing such stakes — say, 'T is well!

F. W. Bourdillon

FRONT LINE

Standing on the fire-step,
Harking into the dark,
The black was filled with figures
His comrade could not mark.
Because it was softly snowing,
Because it was Christmastide,
He saw three figures passing
Glittering in their pride.

One rode a cream-white camel,
One was a blackamoor,
One a bearded Persian;
They all rode up to the door.
They all rode up to the stable-door,
Dismounted, and bent the knee.
The door flamed open like a rose,
But more he could not see.

Standing on the fire-step
In softly falling snow,
It came to him — the carol —
Out of the long ago.
He heard the glorious organ
Fill transept, loft, and nave.
He faintly heard the pulpit words:
"Himself he could not save."

And all the wires in No-man's-land
Seemed thrummed by ghostly thumbs;
There woke then such a harping
As when a hero comes,
As when a hero homeward comes —
And then his thought was back:
He leaned against the parapet
And peered into the black.

William Rose Benét

IN GALLIPOLI

THERE is a fold of lion-coloured earth,
With stony feet in the Ægean blue,
Whereon of old dwelt loneliness and dearth
Sun-scorched and desolate; and when there flew
The winds of winter in those dreary aisles
Of crag and cliff, a whirling snow-wreath bound
The foreheads of the mountains, and their miles
Of frowning precipice and scarp were wound
With stilly white, that peered through brooding
mist profound.

But now the myrtle and the rosemary,
The mastic and the rue, the scented thyme
With fragrant fingers gladdening the grey,
Shall kindle on a desert grown sublime.
Henceforth that haggard land doth guard and hold
The treasure of a sovereign nation's womb —
Her fame, her worth, her pride, her purest gold.
Oh, call ye not the sleeping place a tomb
That lifts to heaven's light such everlasting bloom.

They stretch, now high, now low, the little scars
Upon the rugged pelt of herb and stone;
Above them sparkle bells and buds and stars
Young Spring hath from her emerald kirtle thrown.
Asphodel, crocus and anemone
With silver, azure, crimson once again
Ray all that earth, and from the murmuring sea
Come winds to flash the leaves on shore and plain
Where evermore our dead — our radiant dead
shall reign.

Imperishable as the mountain height
That marks their place afar, their numbers shine,
Who, with the first-fruits of a joyful might,
To human liberty another shrine
Here sanctified; nor vainly have they sped
That made this desert dearer far than home,
And left one sanctuary more to tread
For England, whose memorial pathways roam
Beside her hero sons, beneath the field and foam.

Eden Phillpotts

[From *Plain Song, 1914–1916*. Reprinted by permission of William Heinemann, London; and The Macmillan Company, New York.]

THE LAST RALLY

(Under England's supplementary Conscription Act, the last of the married men joined her colors on June 24, 1916.)

In the midnight, in the rain,
That drenches every sooty roof and licks each
window-pane,
The bugles blow for the last rally
Once again.

Through the horror of the night,
Where glimmers yet northwestward one ghostly strip
of white,
Squelching with heavy boots through the untrodden
plowlands,
The troops set out. Eyes right!

These are the last who go because they must,
Who toiled for years at something leveled now in
dust;
Men of thirty, married, settled, who had built up walls
of comfort
That crumbled at a thrust.

Now they have naked steel,
And the heavy, sopping rain that the clammy skin can
feel,
And the leaden weight of rifle and the pack that grinds
the entrails,
Wrestling with a half-cooked meal.

And there are oaths and blows,
The mud that sticks and flows,
The bad and smoky billet, and the aching legs at
morning,
And the frost that numbs the toes;

And the senseless, changeless grind,
And the pettifogging mass of orders muddling every
mind,
And the dull-red smudge of mutiny half rising up and
burning,
Till they choke and stagger blind.

But for them no bugle flares;
No bright flags leap, no gay horizon glares;
They are conscripts, middle-aged, rheumatic, cautious, weary,
With slowly thinning hairs;

Only for one to-night
A woman weeps and moans and tries to smite
Her head against a table, and another rocks a cradle,
And another laughs with flashing eyes, sitting bolt upright.

John Gould Fletcher

RICHMOND PARK

The thorns were blooming red and white,
The blue air throbbed with May's delight;
To live was joy. Loud sang the lark
Of peace and love in Richmond Park.

Our crippled soldiers took the sun,
Glad that their bloody work was done;
Being free to feel the morning's charm,
They grudged no loss of leg or arm.

The yaffles dipped from glade to glade —
Quick gleams of gold and green. I made
A song in my heart. Each hour inspires
Lit by the rhododendron fires.

The cuckoo called: his ancient note
Stirred the world's soul; and mine it smote
With pain. He quested in sad trees
Whose dead limbs shewed their tragedies.

Yet something of a happier time —
When oaks could flourish in the prime
Of spring — came back to all who heard
The morning voiceful in that bird.

Suddenly boomed a gun. Less bright
The landscape grew: a droning flight
Of man-birds scared a singing lark,
And a yaffle laughed in Richmond Park.

Rowland Thirlmere

INFANTRY

[Reprinted by permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.]

In Paris Town, in Paris Town — 't was 'neath an April sky —
I saw a regiment of the line go marching to Versailles;
When white along the Bois there shone the chestnut's waxen cells,
And the sun was winking on the long Lebels,
Flic flac, flic flac, on all the long Lebels!

The flowers were out along the Bois, the leaves were overhead,
And I saw a regiment of the line that swung in blue and red;
The youth of things, the joy of things, they made my heart to beat,
And the quick-step lilting and the tramp of feet!
Flic flac, flic flac, the tramping of the feet!

The spikèd nuts have fallen and the leaf is dull and dry
Since last I saw a regiment go marching to Versailles;

And what's become of all of those that heard the music play?
They trained them for the Frontier upon an August day;
Flic flac, flic flac, all on an August day!

And some of them they stumbled on the slippery summer grass,
And there they've left them lying with their faces to Alsace;
The others — so they'd tell you — ere the chestnut's decked for Spring,
Shall march beneath some linden trees to call upon a King;
Flic flac, flic flac, to call upon a King.

Patrick R. Chalmers

THE BALLAD OF ST. BARBARA [1]

[St. Barbara is the patroness of artillery, and of those who are in fear of sudden death.]

When the long gray lines came flooding upon Paris in the plain,
We stood and drank of the last free air we never could love again;
They had led us back from a lost battle, to halt we knew not where,
And stilled us; and our gaping guns were dumb with our despair.
The gray tribes flowed for ever from the infinite lifeless lands,
And a Norman to a Breton spoke, his chin upon his hands:

[1] Written on the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne.

"There was an end to Ilium; and an end came to
Rome;
And a man plays on a painted stage in the land that he
calls home.
Arch after arch of triumph, but floor beyond falling
floor,
That lead to a low door at last: and beyond there is no
door."

The Breton to the Norman spoke, like a little child
spake he,
But his sea-blue eyes were empty as his home beside
the sea:
"There are more windows in one house than there are
eyes to see;
There are more doors in a man's house, but God has
hid the key;
Ruin is a builder of windows; her legend witnesseth
Barbara, the saint of gunners, and a stay in sudden
death."

It seemed the wheel of the worlds stood still an
instant in its turning,
More than the kings of the earth that turned
with the turning of Valmy mill,
While trickled the idle tale and the sea-blue eyes
were burning,
Still as the heart of a whirlwind, the heart of
the world stood still.

"Barbara the beautiful had praise of lute and pen,
Her hair was like a summer night, dark and desired of
men,

Her feet like birds from far away that linger and light
in doubt,
And her face was like a window where a man's first
love looked out.

"Her sire was master of many slaves, a hard man of
his hands;
They built a tower about her in the desolate golden
lands,
Sealed as the tyrants sealed their tombs, planned with
an ancient plan,
And set two windows in the tower, like the two eyes of
a man."

Our guns were set toward the foe; we had no word
for firing;
Gray in the gateways of St. Gond the Guard
of the tyrant shone;
Dark with the fate of a falling star, retiring and
retiring,
The Breton line went backwards and the
Breton tale went on.

"Her father had sailed across the sea from the harbour
of Africa,
When all the slaves took up their tools for the bidding
of Barbara;
She smote the bare wall with her hand, and bade them
smite again,
She poured them wealth of wine and meat to stay
them in their pain,
And cried through the lifted thunder of thronging
hammer and hod:

'Throw open the third window in the third name of God!'
Then the hearts failed and the tools fell; and far toward the foam
Men saw a shadow on the sands; and her father coming home."

Speak low and low, along the line the whispered word is flying,
Before the touch, before the time, we may not lose a breath.
Their guns must mash us to the mire and there be no replying
Till the hand is raised to fling us for the final dice to Death.

"'There were two windows in your tower, Barbara, Barbara,
For all between the sun and moon in the lands of Africa
Hath a man three eyes, Barbara, a bird three wings,
That you have riven roof and wall to look upon vain things?'
Her voice was like a wandering thing that falters, yet is free,
Whose soul has drunk in a distant land of the rivers of liberty.
'There are more wings than the wind knows, or eyes than see the sun,
In the light of the lost window and the wind of the doors undone;
For out of the first lattice are the red lands that break,
And out of the second lattice, sea like a green snake,

But out of the third lattice, under low eaves like wings
Is a new corner of the sky and the other side of things.' "

It opened in the inmost place an instant beyond
uttering,
A casement and a chasm and a thunder of
doors undone,
A seraph's strong wing shaken out the shock of its
unshuttering
That split the shattered sunlight from a light
behind the sun.

"Then he drew sword and drave her where the judges
sat and said:
'Cæsar sits above the Gods, Barbara the maid,
Cæsar hath made a treaty with the moon and with the
sun,
All the gods that men can praise, praise him every one.
There is peace with the anointed of the scarlet oils of Bel,
With the Fish God, where the whirlpool is a winding
stair to hell,
With the pathless pyramids of slime, where the mitred
negro lifts
To his black cherub in the cloud abominable gifts,
With the leprous silver cities where the dumb priests
dance and nod,
But not with the three windows and the last name of
God.'"

They are firing, we are falling, and the red skies
rend and shiver us . . .
Barbara, Barbara, we may not loose a
breath —

Be at the bursting doors of doom, and in the dark
deliver us,
Who loosen the last window on the sun of
sudden death.

"Barbara the beautiful stood up as a queen set free,
Whose mouth is set to a terrible cup and the trumpet
of liberty:
'I have looked forth from a window that no man now
shall bar,
Cæsar's toppling battle-towers shall never stretch so
far;
The slaves are dancing in their chains, the child laughs
at the rod,
Because of the bird of the three wings, and the third
face of God.'
The sword upon his shoulder shifted and shone and
fell,
And Barbara lay very small and crumpled like a shell."

What wall upon what hinges turned stands open
like a door?
Too simple for the sight of faith, too huge for
human eyes,
What light upon what ancient way shines to a far-
off floor,
The line of the lost land of France or the
plains of Paradise?

"Cæsar smiled above the gods, his lip of stone was
curled,
His iron armies wound like chains round and round the
world,

And the strong slayer of his own that cut down flesh
for grass,
Smiled too, and went to his own tower like a walking
tower of brass,
And the songs ceased and the slaves were dumb; and
far towards the foam
Men saw a shadow on the sands; and her father coming
home. . . .

"Blood of his blood upon the sword stood red but
never dry,
He wiped it slowly, till the blade was blue as the blue
sky:
But the blue sky split with a thunder-crack, spat down
a blinding brand,
And all of him lay black and flat as his shadow on the
sand."

The touch and the tornado; all our guns give
tongue together,
St. Barbara for the gunnery and God defend
the right —
They are stopped and gapped and battered as
we blast away the weather,
Building window upon window to our lady
of the light;
For the light is come on Liberty, her foes are fall-
ing, falling,
They are reeling, they are running, as the
shameful years have run,
She is risen for all the humble, she has heard
the conquered calling,
St. Barbara of the Gunners, with her hand
upon the gun.

They are burst asunder in the midst that eat of
their own flatteries,
Whose lip is curled to order as its barbered
hair is curled . . .
— Blast of the beauty of sudden death, St. Bar-
bara of the batteries!
That blow the new white window in the wall
of all the world.

For the hand is raised behind us, and the bolt smites
hard,
Through the rending of the doorways, through the
death-gap of the Guard,
For the shout of the Three Colours is in Condé and
beyond,
And the Guard is flung for carrion in the graveyard of
St. Gond;
Through Mondemont and out of it, through Morin
marsh and on,
With earthquake of salutation the impossible thing is
gone;
Gaul, charioted and charging, great Gaul upon a gun,
Tiptoe on all her thousand years, and trumpeting to
the sun,
As day returns, as death returns, swung backward for
a span,
Back on the barbarous reign returns the battering-ram
of Man.

While that the east held hard and hot like pincers in a
forge,
Came like the west wind roaring up the cannon of St.
George,

Where the hunt is up and racing over stream and swamp and tarn,
And their batteries, black with battle, hold the bridge-heads of the Marne;
And across the carnage of the Guard by Paris in the plain
The Normans to the Bretons cried; and the Bretons cheered again;
But he that told the tale went home to his house beside the sea
And burned before St. Barbara, the light of the windows three.
Three candles for an unknown thing, never to come again,
That opened like the eye of God on Paris in the plain.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

FROM A TRENCH

Out here the dogs of war run loose,
Their whipper-in is Death;
Across the spoilt and battered fields
We hear their sobbing breath.
The fields where grew the living corn
Are heavy with our dead;
Yet still the fields at home are green
And I have heard it said:
That —
There are crocuses at Nottingham!
Wild crocuses at Nottingham!
Blue crocuses at Nottingham!
Though here the grass is red.

There are little girls at Nottingham
Who do not dread the Boche,
Young girls at school at Nottingham
(Lord! how I need a wash!).
There are little boys at Nottingham
Who never hear a gun;
There are silly fools at Nottingham
Who think we're here for fun.
When —
There are crocuses at Nottingham!
Young crocus buds at Nottingham!
Thousands of buds at Nottingham
Ungathered by the Hun.

But here we trample down the grass
Into a purple slime;
There lives no tree to give the birds
House room in pairing-time.
We live in holes, like cellar rats,
But through the noise and smell
I often see those crocuses
Of which the people tell.
Why!
There are crocuses at Nottingham!
Bright crocuses at Nottingham!
Real crocuses at Nottingham!
Because we're here in Hell.

Maud Anna Bell

HENRI

To-night I drifted to the restaurant
We scribblers fancy, finding it unchanged
Save that I saw no more my dapper friend,

The waiter Henri. When I asked for him,
"Gone to the War," another waiter said. . . .

"Gone to the War!" That man, so mild a part
Of peace and its traditions! Debonair,
Childlike, alert, and none too strong, we'd thought.
He who had served so deftly, and, secure,
Had walked the beaten path and sheltered ways —
He now was with the cannon and the kings!
Gentle he was, and ever with a smile.
Ah! wears he still a smile? For now his soul
Has taken iron, and stood forth austere,
Made suddenly acquainted with despair,
And pain, and horror, and the timeless things.
I called him once, and he unhurried came;
And now he hurries at Another's beck —
Ancient, enormous, immemorial War —
And, past the trampled valley of the Meuse,
Finds a red service in the day's vast hall
Of thunders, and in night's domain of death
Attends, unless he too be of the dead.
And I sit here beneath the harmless lights!

O simple soul War's hands laid hold upon
And led to devastations, and the shock
Of legions, and the rumble of huge guns,
And crash and lightning of the rended shells,
Above a region veined and pooled with blood!
You now have part with all intrepid youth
That took, in ages past, the battle-line,
And in a mighty Cause had faith and love.
You are the hero now, and I the sheep!
And quietly beneath the pleasant lamps

I sit, and wonder how you fare to-night.
It's midnight now in France. Perhaps you find
Uneasy slumber; or perhaps, entrenched,
You wait the night attack across the rain.
Perhaps, my friend, they've made your bed with
spades!
And I sit moody here, remembering,
As careless men and women rise and go,
I never asked you if you had a wife.

George Sterling

ROMANCE

Old orchard crofts of Picardy,
In the high warm winds of May,
Tossed into blossomed billowings,
And spattered the roads with spray.
Over the earth the scudding cloud,
And the laverock whistling high,
Lifted the drooping heart of the lad
At one bound to the sky.
France! France! and the old romance
Came over him like a spell;
Homesickness and his weariness
Shook from him then and fell;
For he was again with d'Artagnan;
With Alan Breck and d'Artagnan;
And the pipes before him gleefully
Were playing airs of Pan.

Through dust that in a mist uprose
From under the tramping feet,

He saw old storied places, dim
In the haze of the summer heat.
Menace and ambush, wounds and death,
Lurked in the ditch and wood,
But he, high-breasted, walked in joy
With a glorious multitude;
Great hearts that never perish,
Nor grow old with the aches of Time,
Marched through the morning with him,
All in a magic clime;
But loved of all was d'Artagnan,
And Alan the kith of kings,
Fond comrades of his childhood's days,
Still on their wanderings.

From miry clefts of the wintry plain
He leapt with his platoon,
The morion on his forehead,
And the soul of him at noon;
With head high to the hurricane
He walked, and in his breast
He knew himself immortal,
And that death was but a jest.
A smile was on his visage
When they found him where he fell,
The gallant old companions,
In an amaranthine dell.
"Lad o' my heart!" cried Alan Breck,
"Well done thy first campaign!"
"Sleep thou till morn," said d'Artagnan,
"When we three march again!"

Neil Munro

THE RECRUIT

His mother bids him go without a tear;
His sweetheart walks beside him, proudly gay,
"No coward have I loved," her clear eyes say —
The band blares out and all the townsfolk cheer.

Yet in his heart he thinks: "I am afraid!
I am afraid of Fear — how can I tell
If in the ordeal 't will go ill or well?
How can man tell how bravely man is made?"

Steady he waits, obeying brisk command,
Head up, chin firm, and every muscle steeled, —
Thinking: "I shot a rabbit in a field
And sickened at its blood upon my hand."

The sky is blue and little winds blow free,
He catches up his comrades' marching-song;
Their bayonets glitter as they sweep along —
("How ghastly a *red* bayonet must be!")

How the folk stare! His comrade on the right
Whispers a joke — is gay and debonair,
Sure of himself and quite at odds with care; —
But does he, too, turn restlessly at night?

From each familiar scene his inner eye
Turns to far fields by Titans rent and torn;
For in that struggle must his soul be born,
To look upon itself and live — or die!

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

CHANNEL SUNSET

Over the shallow, angry English Channel,
Clouds like cavalry masses
Gallop at a charge, dark tawny horsemen,
Towards the coast of Flanders.

The sun strikes out amid them
A shower of golden arrows;
They waver suddenly in mid-flight,
Break their ranks, stumble and fall,
And cover with scarlet eddies
The shallows of the sea.

But over their heads new masses yet come charging
Towards the coast of Flanders;
Towards the battle that is shaping,
The struggle of burning spears in the cold twilight.

John Gould Fletcher

PIERROT AT WAR

A year ago in Carnival
We danced till break of day;
A year ago in Carnival
The boulevards were gay;
And roses shook the whispering air,
Like a great sibilant soft fanfare.

In Carnival, in Carnival,
A Prince of Magic comes,
To the sound of fifes, and the sound of horns,
And the sound of little drums.

A year ago in Carnival,
The lamps along the quays
Lay softer on the misty night
Than stars in leafy trees,
And down the ribboned sparkling street
Pierrot ran on twinkling feet.

Ah year! — There is no Carnival:
The north burns dusky red,
And on the white of Pierrot's brow
Is a long scar instead;
While ever the muttering runs
From the bleeding lips of the guns.

This year, this year at Carnival
A Prince of Magic comes,
With blood-red crest against the sky
And a snarl of angry drums.

Maxwell Struthers Burt

AT THE MOVIES

THEY swing across the screen in brave array,
Long British columns grinding the dark grass.
Twelve months ago they marched into the gray
Of battle; yet again behold them pass!

One lifts his dusty cap; his hair is bright;
I meet his eyes, eager and young and bold.
The picture quivers into ghostly white;
Then I remember, and my heart grows cold!

Florence Ripley Mastin

January, 1916

HIGH SUMMER

Pinks and syringa in the garden closes,
And the sweet privet hedge and golden roses,
The pines hot in the sun, the drone of the bee,
They die in Flanders to keep these for me.

The long sunny days and the still weather,
The cuckoo and blackbird shouting together,
The lambs calling their mothers out on the lea,
They die in Flanders to keep these for me.

All doors and windows open: the South wind blowing
Warm through the clean sweet rooms on tiptoe going,
Where many sanctities, dear and delightsome, be,
They die in Flanders to keep these for me.

Daisies leaping in foam on the green grasses,
The dappled sky and the stream that sings as it passes;
These are bought with a price, a bitter fee,
They die in Flanders to keep these for me.

Katharine Tynan

POETS MILITANT

(The authors of the poems included in this section are or were on active service.)

SAFETY

DEAR! of all happy in the hour, most blest
  He who has found our hid security,
Assured in the dark tides of the world that rest,
  And heard our word, 'Who is so safe as we?'
We have found safety with all things undying,
  The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,
The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds flying,
  And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth.
We have built a house that is not for Time's throwing.
  We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.
War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,
  Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

Rupert Brooke

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PEACE

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,
  And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
  To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
  Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
  And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Rupert Brooke

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THE PLACE

Blossoms as old as May I scatter here,
And a blue wave I lifted from the stream.
It shall not know when winter days are drear
Or March is hoarse with blowing. But a-dream
The laurel boughs shall hold a canopy
Peacefully over it the winter long,
Till all the birds are back from oversea,
And April rainbows win a blackbird's song.

And when the war is over I shall take
My lute a-down to it and sing again
Songs of the whispering things amongst the brake,
And those I love shall know them by their strain.
Their airs shall be the blackbird's twilight song,
Their words shall be all flowers with fresh dews hoar.—
But it is lonely now in winter long,
And, God! to hear the blackbird sing once more.

Francis Ledwidge

EVENING CLOUDS

A LITTLE flock of clouds go down to rest
In some blue corner off the moon's highway,
With shepherd winds that shook them in the West
To borrowed shapes of earth, in bright array,
Perhaps to weave a rainbow's gay festoons
Around the lonesome isle which Brooke has made
A little England full of lovely noons,
Or dot it with his country's mountain shade.

Ah, little wanderers, when you reach that isle
Tell him, with dripping dew, they have not failed,
What he loved most; for late I roamed awhile
Thro' English fields and down her rivers sailed;
And they remember him with beauty caught
From old desires of Oriental Spring
Heard in his heart with singing overwrought;
And still on Purley Common gooseboys sing.

Francis Ledwidge

SONGS FROM AN EVIL WOOD

I

THERE is no wrath in the stars,
  They do not rage in the sky;
I look from the evil wood
  And find myself wondering why.

Why do they not scream out
  And grapple star against star,
Seeking for blood in the wood
  As all things round me are?

They do not glare like the sky
  Or flash like the deeps of the wood;
But they shine softly on
  In their sacred solitude.

To their high, happy haunts
  Silence from us has flown,
She whom we loved of old
  And know it now she is gone.

When will she come again,
  Though for one second only?
She whom we loved is gone
  And the whole world is lonely.

II

Somewhere lost in the haze
  The sun goes down in the cold,
And birds in this evil wood
  Chirrup home as of old;

Chirrup, stir and are still
  On the high twigs frozen and thin.
There is no more noise of them now,
  And the long night sets in.

Of all the wonderful things
  That I have seen in the wood
I marvel most at the birds
  And their wonderful quietude.

For a giant smites with his club
  All day the tops of the hill,

Sometimes he rests at night,
Oftener he beats them still.

And a dwarf with a grim black mane
Raps with repeated rage
All night in the valley below
On the wooden walls of his cage.

And the elder giants come
Sometimes, tramping from far
Through the weird and flickering light
Made by an earthly star.

And the giant with his club,
And the dwarf with rage in his breath,
And the elder giants from far,
They are all the children of Death.

They are all abroad to-night
And are breaking the hills with their brood,
And the birds are all asleep
Even in Plug Street Wood!

III

The great guns of England, they listen mile on mile
To the boasts of a broken War-Lord; they lift their throats and smile;
But the old woods are fallen
For a while.

The old woods are fallen; yet will they come again,
They will come back some springtime with the warm winds and the rain,

For Nature guardeth her children
Never in vain.

They will come back some season; it may be a hundred years;
It is all one to Nature with the centuries that are hers;
She shall bring back her children
And dry all their tears.

But the tears of a would-be War-Lord shall never cease to flow,
He shall weep for the poisoned armies whenever the gas-winds blow,
He shall always weep for his widows,
And all Hell shall know.

The tears of a pitiless Kaiser shallow they'll flow and wide,
Wide as the desolation made by his silly pride
When he slaughtered a little people
To stab France in her side.

Over the ragged cinders they shall flow on and on
With the listless falling of streams that find not Oblivion,
For ages and ages of years
Till the last star is gone.

IV

I met with Death in his country,
With his scythe and his hollow eye,
Walking the roads of Belgium.
I looked and he passed me by.

Since he passed me by in Plug Street,
In the wood of the evil name,
I shall not now lie with the heroes,
I shall not share their fame,

I shall never be as they are,
A name in the lands of the Free,
Since I looked on Death in Flanders
And he did not look at me.

Dunsany

A LETTER FROM THE TRENCHES

I HAVE not brought my Odyssey
With me here across the sea;
But you'll remember, when I say
How, when they went down Sparta way,
To sandy Sparta, long ere dawn
Horses were harnessed, rations drawn,
Equipment polished sparkling bright,
And breakfasts swallowed (as the white
Of Eastern heavens turned to gold) —
The dogs barked, swift farewells were told.
The sun springs up, the horses neigh,
Crackles the whip thrice — then away!
From sun-go-up to sun-go-down
All day across the sandy down
The gallant horses galloped, till
The wind across the downs more chill
Blew, the sun sank and all the road
Was darkened, that it only showed
Right at the end the town's red light
And twilight glimmering into night.

The horses never slackened till
They reached the doorway and stood still.
Then came the knock, the unlading; then
The honey-sweet converse of men,
The splendid bath, the change of dress,
Then — O the grandeur of their Mess,
The henchmen, the prim stewardess!
And O the breaking of old ground,
The tales, after the port went round!
(The wondrous wiles of old Odysseus,
Old Agamemnon and his misuse
Of his command, and that young chit
Paris — who did n't care a bit
For Helen — only to annoy her
He did it really, κ. τ. λ.)
But soon they led amidst the din
The honey-sweet ἀοιδὸς in,
Whose eyes were blind, whose soul had sight,
Who knew the fame of men in fight —
Bard of white hair and trembling foot,
Who sang whatever God might put
Into his heart.
And there he sung,
Those war-worn veterans among,
Tales of great war and strong hearts wrung,
Of clash of arms, of council's brawl,
Of beauty that must early fall,
Of battle hate and battle joy
By the old windy walls of Troy.
They felt that they were unreal then,
Visions and shadow-forms, not men.
But those the Bard did sing and say
(Some were their comrades, some were they)

Took shape and loomed and strengthened more
Greatly than they had guessed of yore.

And now the fight begins again,
The old war-joy, the old war-pain.
Sons of one school across the sea
We have no fear to fight —

* * * * *

And soon, O soon, I do not doubt it,
With the body or without it,
We shall all come tumbling down
To our old wrinkled red-capped town.
Perhaps the road up Ilsley way,
The old ridge-track, will be my way.
High up among the sheep and sky,
Look down on Wantage, passing by,
And see the smoke from Swindon town;
And then full left at Liddington,
Where the four winds of heaven meet
The earth-blest traveller to greet.
And then my face is toward the south,
There is a singing on my mouth:
Away to rightward I descry
My Barbury ensconced in sky,
Far underneath the Ogbourne twins,
And at my feet the thyme and whins,
The grasses with their little crowns
Of gold, the lovely Aldbourne downs,
And that old signpost (well I knew
That crazy signpost, arms askew,
Old mother of the four grass ways).
And then my mouth is dumb with praise,

For, past the wood and chalkpit tiny,
A glimpse of Marlborough ἐρατεινή!
So I descend beneath the rail
To warmth and welcome and wassail.

* * * * *

This from the battered trenches — rough,
Jingling and tedious enough.
And so I sign myself to you:
One, who some crooked pathways knew
Round Bedwyn: who could scarcely leave
The Downs on a December eve:
Was at his happiest in shorts,
And got — not many good reports!
Small skill of rhyming in his hand —
But you'll forgive — you'll understand.

Charles Hamilton Sorley

July 12, 1915

TO MY BROTHER

This will I do when we have peace again,
Peace and return, to ease my heart of pain.
Crouched in the brittle reed-beds, wrapt in grey,
I'll watch the dawning of the winter's day,
The peaceful, clinging darkness of the night
That mingles with mysterious morning light,
And graceful rushes melting in the haze;
While all around in winding waterways,
The wildfowl gabble cheerfully and low,
Or wheel with pulsing whistle to and fro,
Filling the silent dawn with joyous song,
Swelling and dying as they sweep along;

Till shadows of vague trees deceive the eyes,
And stealthily the sun begins to rise,
Striving to smear with pink the frosted sky,
And pierce the silver mists' opacity;
Until the hazy silhouettes grow clear,
And faintest hints of colouring appear,
And the slow, throbbing, red, distorted sun
Reaches the sky, and all the large mists run,
Leaving the little ones to wreathe and shiver,
Pathetic, clinging to the friendly river;
Until the watchful heron, grim and gaunt,
Shows ghostlike, standing at his chosen haunt,
And jerkily the moorhens venture out,
Spreading swift-circled ripples round about,
And softly to the ear, and leisurely,
Querulous, comes the plaintive plover's cry,
And then maybe some whispering near by,
Some still small sound as of a happy sigh,
Shall steal upon my senses soft as air,
And, brother! I shall know that you are there.

And in the lazy summer nights I'll glide
Silently down the sleepy river's tide,
Listening to the music of the stream,
The plop of ponderously playful bream,
The water whispering around the boat,
And from afar the white owl's liquid note,
Lingering through the stillness soft and slow,
Watching the little yacht's red, homely glow,
Her vague reflection, and her clean-cut spars,
Ink-black against the silverness of the stars,
Stealthily slipping into nothingness;
While on the river's moon-splashed surfaces,

Tall shadows sweep. Then when I go to rest
It may be that my slumbers will be blessed
By the faint sound of your untroubled breath,
Proving your presence near, in spite of death.

Miles Jeffrey Game Day

THE NEW SCHOOL

The halls that were loud with the merry tread of young and careless feet
Are still with a stillness that is too drear to seem like holiday,
And never a gust of laughter breaks the calm of the dreaming street
Or rises to shake the ivied walls and frighten the doves away.

The dust is on book and on empty desk, and the tennis-racquet and balls
Lie still in their lonely locker and wait for a game that is never played,
And over the study and lecture-room and the river and meadow falls
A stern peace, a strange peace, a peace that War has made.

For many a youthful shoulder now is gay with an epaulet,
And the hand that was deft with a cricket-bat is defter with a sword,
And some of the lads will laugh to-day where the trench is red and wet,
And some will win on the bloody field the accolade of the Lord.

They have taken their youth and mirth away from the
study and playing-ground
To a new school in an alien land beneath an alien sky;
Out in the smoke and roar of the fight their lessons
and games are found,
And they who were learning how to live are learning
how to die.

And after the golden day has come and the war is at
an end,
A slab of bronze on the chapel wall will tell of the
noble dead.
And every name on that radiant list will be the name
of a friend,
A name that shall through the centuries in grateful
prayers be said.

And there will be ghosts in the old school, brave ghosts
with laughing eyes,
On the field with a ghostly cricket-bat, by the
stream with a ghostly rod;
They will touch the hearts of the living with a flame
that sanctifies,
A flame that they took with strong young hands
from the altar-fires of God.

Joyce Kilmer

[From *Main Street and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1917, by George H. Doran Company.]

KINGS

The Kings of the earth are men of might,
And cities are burned for their delight,
And the skies rain death in the silent night,
And the hills belch death all day!

But the King of Heaven, Who made them all,
Is fair and gentle, and very small;
He lies in the straw, by the oxen's stall —
Let them think of Him to-day!

Joyce Kilmer

[From *Main Street and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1917, by George H. Doran Company.]

COMRADES: AN EPISODE

BEFORE, before he was aware
The "Verey" light had risen . . . on the air
It hung glistering . . .
And he could not stay his hand
From moving to the barbed wire's broken strand.
A rifle cracked.
He fell.
Night waned. He was alone. A heavy shell
Whispered itself passing high, high overhead.
His wound was wet to his hand: for still it bled
On to the glimmering ground.
Then with a slow, vain smile his wound he bound,
Knowing, of course, he'd not see home again —
Home whose thought he put away.
His men
Whispered: "Where's Mister Gates?" "Out on the wire."
"I'll get him," said one. . . .
Dawn blinked, and the fire
Of the Germans heaved up and down the line.
"Stand to!"
Too late! "I'll get him." "O the swine!
When we might get him in yet safe and whole!"

"Corporal did n't see 'un fall out on patrol,
Or he'd 'a got 'un." "Sssh!"
"No talking there."
A whisper: "'A went down at the last flare."
Meanwhile the Maxims toc-toc-tocked; their swish
Of bullets told death lurked against the wish.
No hope for him!
His corporal, as one shamed,
Vainly and helplessly his ill-luck blamed.

* * * * *

Then Gates slowly saw the morn
Break in a rosy peace through the lone thorn
By which he lay, and felt the dawn-wind pass
Whispering through the pallid, stalky grass
Of No-Man's Land. . . .
And the tears came
Scaldingly sweet, more lovely than a flame.
He closed his eyes: he thought of home
And grit his teeth. He knew no help could come. . . .

* * * * *

The silent sun over the earth held sway,
Occasional rifles cracked and far away
A heedless speck, a 'plane, slid on alone,
Like a fly traversing a cliff of stone.

"I must get back," said Gates aloud, and heaved
At his body. But it lay bereaved
Of any power. He could not wait till night . . .
And he lay still. Blood swam across his sight.
Then with a groan:
"No luck ever! Well, I must die alone."

Occasional rifles cracked. A cloud that shone,
Gold-rimmed, blackened the sun and then was
gone. . . .
The sun still smiled. The grass sang in its play.
Someone whistled: "Over the hills and far away."
Gates watched silently the swift, swift sun
Burning his life before it was begun. . . .

Suddenly he heard Corporal Timmins' voice: "Now
then,
'Urry up with that tea."
"Hi Ginger!" "Bill!" His men!
Timmins and Jones and Wilkinson (the 'bard'),
And Hughes and Simpson. It was hard
Not to see them: Wilkinson, stubby, grim,
With his "No, sir," "Yes, sir," and the slim
Simpson: "Indeed, sir?" (while it seemed he winked
Because his smiling left eye always blinked),
And Corporal Timmins, straight and blonde and wise,
With his quiet-scanning, level, hazel eyes;
And all the others . . . tunics that did n't fit . . .
A dozen different sorts of eyes. O it
Was hard to lie there! Yet he must. But no:
"I've got to die. I'll get to them. I'll go."

Inch by inch he fought, breathless and mute,
Dragging his carcase like a famished brute. . . .
His head was hammering, and his eyes were dim;
A bloody sweat seemed to ooze out of him
And freeze along his spine. . . . Then he'd lie still
Before another effort of his will
Took him one nearer yard.

* * * * *

The parapet was reached.
He could not rise to it. A lookout screeched:
"Mr. Gates!"
Three figures in one breath
Leaped up. Two figures fell in toppling death;
And Gates was lifted in. "Who's hit?" said he.
"Timmins and Jones." "Why did they that for me?—
I'm gone already!" Gently they laid him prone
And silently watched.
He twitched. They heard him moan
"Why for me?" His eyes roamed round, and none
replied.
"I see it was alone I should have died."
They shook their heads. Then, "Is the doctor here?"
"He's coming, sir; he's hurryin', no fear."
"No good . . .
Lift me." They lifted him.
He smiled and held his arms out to the dim,
And in a moment passed beyond their ken,
Hearing him whisper, "O my men, my men!"

Robert Nichols

In Hospital, London,
Autumn, 1915

NEARER

Nearer and ever nearer . . . .
My body, tired but tense,
Hovers 'twixt vague pleasure
And tremulous confidence.

Arms to have and to use them
And a soul to be made

Worthy if not worthy;
If afraid, unafraid.

To endure for a little,
To endure and have done:
Men I love about me,
Over me the sun!

And should at last suddenly
Fly the speeding death,
The four great quarters of heaven
Receive this little breath.

Robert Nichols

THE TROOPS

Dim, gradual thinning of the shapeless gloom
Shudders to drizzling daybreak that reveals
Disconsolate men who stamp their sodden boots
And turn dulled, sunken faces to the sky
Haggard and hopeless. They, who have beaten down
The stale despair of night, must now renew
Their desolation in the truce of dawn,
Murdering the livid hours that grope for peace.

Yet these, who cling to life with stubborn hands,
Can grin through storms of death and find a gap
In the clawed, cruel tangles of his defence.
They march from safety, and the bird-sung joy
Of grass-green thickets, to the land where all
Is ruin, and nothing blossoms but the sky
That hastens over them where they endure
Sad, smoking, flat horizons, reeking woods,
And foundered trench-lines volleying doom for doom.

O my brave brown companions, when your souls
Flock silently away, and the eyeless dead
Shame the wild beast of battle on the ridge,
Death will stand grieving in that field of war
Since your unvanquished hardihood is spent.
And through some mooned Valhalla there will pass
Battalions and battalions, scarred from hell;
The unreturning army that was youth;
The legions who have suffered and are dust.

Siegfried Sassoon

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TRENCH DUTY

Shaken from sleep, and numbed and scarce awake,
Out in the trench with three hours' watch to take,
I blunder through the splashing mirk; and then
Hear the gruff muttering voices of the men
Crouching in cabins candle-chinked with light.
Hark! There's the big bombardment on our right
Rumbling and bumping; and the dark's a glare
Of flickering horror in the sectors where
We raid the Boche; men waiting, stiff and chilled,
Or crawling on their bellies through the wire.
"What? Stretcher-bearers wanted? Some one killed?"
Five minutes ago I heard a sniper fire:
Why did he do it? . . . Starlight overhead —
Blank stars. I'm wide-awake; and some chap's dead.

Siegfried Sassoon

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MAGPIES IN PICARDY

THE magpies in Picardy
Are more than I can tell.
They flicker down the dusty roads
And cast a magic spell
On the men who march through Picardy,
Through Picardy to hell.

(The blackbird flies with panic,
The swallow goes like light,
The finches move like ladies,
The owl floats by at night;
But the great and flashing magpie
He flies as artists might.)

A magpie in Picardy
Told me secret things —
Of the music in white feathers,
And the sunlight that sings
And dances in deep shadows —
He told me with his wings.

(The hawk is cruel and rigid,
He watches from a height;
The rook is slow and sombre,
The robin loves to fight;
But the great and flashing magpie
He flies as lovers might.)

He told me that in Picardy,
An age ago or more,
While all his fathers still were eggs,

These dusty highways bore
Brown, singing soldiers marching out
Through Picardy to war.

He said that still through chaos
Works on the ancient plan,
And two things have altered not
Since first the world began —
The beauty of the wild green earth
And the bravery of man.

(For the sparrow flies unthinking
And quarrels in his flight.
The heron trails his legs behind,
The lark goes out of sight;
But the great and flashing magpie
He flies as poets might.)

T. P. Cameron Wilson

THE FACE

(Guillemont)

Out of the smoke of men's wrath,
The red mist of anger,
Suddenly,
As a wraith of sleep,
A boy's face, white and tense,
Convulsed with terror and hate,
The lips trembling. . . .

Then a red smear, falling. . . .
I thrust aside the cloud, as it were tangible,
Blinded with a mist of blood.

The face cometh again
As a wraith of sleep:
A boy's face, delicate and blonde,
The very mask of God,
Broken.

Frederic Manning

RELIEVED

(Guillemont)

We are weary and silent;
There is only the rhythm of marching feet;
Though we move tranced we keep it,
As clockwork toys.

But each man is alone in this multitude;
We know not the world in which we move,
Seeing not the dawn, earth pale and shadowy,
Level lands of tenuous grays and greens,
For our eyeballs have been seared with fire.

Only we have our secret thoughts,
Our sense floats out from us delicately apprehensive
To the very fringes of our being,
Where light drowns.

Frederic Manning

TRANSPORT

(Courcelles)

The moon swims in milkiness,
The road glimmers curving down into the wooded
valley,

And with a clashing and creaking of tackle and axles
The train of limbers passes me, and the mules
Splash me with mud, thrusting me from the road into puddles,
Straining at the tackle with a bitter patience,
Passing me. . . .
And into a patch of moonlight,
With beautiful curved necks and manes,
Heads reined back, and nostrils dilated,
Impatient of restraint,
Pass two gray stallions,
Such as Oenetia bred;
Beautiful as the horses of Hippolytus
Carven on some antique frieze.
And my heart rejoices seeing their strength in play,
The mere animal life of them,
Lusting,
As a thing passionate and proud.

Then again the limbers and grotesque mules.

Frederic Manning

DEAD MAN'S COTTAGE

A LOFT with a ruckle of twisted rafters where the blue sky shows through the splintered tiles,
A shattered floor and a mouldy blanket and little brass cases heaped in piles —
Aloof from the toil and the stench of the trenches, marooned in an island of No Man's Land,
Whipped into waves by the whirl of the shell-fire and foaming with poppies on every hand:

Here is my post now from dawn till darkness, watching
alone where my comrades died
With a hermit's meal of meat and of water and Death
for companion hard by my side.
Death that I send, and death that seeks me, which is
my foe and which is my friend?
Here in the peace of Dead Man's Cottage the differ-
ence seems little enough in the end.

* * * * *

Hark! Here it comes with a scream and a shrieking —
like ghostly scissors that rend the sky,
Launched ten miles back on a telephone's whisper to
seek after those who are next to die.
Foiled! Fallen short! but the earth is shaken with a
belch of yellow, a burst of flame,
And the bones of the half-buried dead are riven and
tossed abroad in a ghastly game.
Crack! There's my answer — behind that traverse a
glimpse of a grey cap barely seen,
An arm upflung, as the bullet reached him, in a clutch
at the sandbag's faithless screen.
He is one who was, and I to-morrow may leave the
world that I love and know;
When Death the Adventurer calls me to follow, shall
I be glad or sorry to go?

* * * * *

(A whirr and a buzzing, muffled, metallic — and slid-
ing afar down the vault of the sky
A plane in a cluster of thistle-head Archies, like the
gaunt grey ghost of a dragonfly)
Good Hunting, Brother! The barely breathed whisper
just stirs the motes in the sunlight beam,

And the ghosts of the dead in Dead Man's Cottage
reply like the half-heard voice of a dream.
Good Hunting! WE followed the trail before you, WE
killed once or twice ere we missed our spring,
We who have laid by our arms salute you who still press
trigger to serve the King.
Life is the best, for living is serving — be not too eager to
hurry away;
Death is not hard, for the dead remember — be not too
troubled or eager to stay.

J. H. Knight-Adkin

THE LAST POST

(June, 1916)

The bugler sent a call of high romance —
Lights out! Lights out! — to the deserted square:
On the thin brazen notes he threw a prayer.
God, if it's *this* for me next time in France
Spare me the phantom bugle as I lie
Dead in the gas and smoke and roar of guns,
Dead in a row with the other shattered ones,
Lying so stiff and still under the sky —
Jolly young Fusiliers, too good to die.
The music ceased, and the red sunset flare
Was blood about his head as he stood there.

Robert Graves

ON A TROOPSHIP, 1915

Farewell! the village leaning to the hill,
And all the cawing rooks that homeward fly;
The bees; the drowsy anthem of the mill;
And winding pollards, where the plover cry.

We watch the breakers crashing on the bow
And those far flashes in the Eastern haze;
The fields and friends, that were, are fainter now
Than whispering of ancient water-ways.
Now England stirs, as stirs a dreamer wound
In immemorial slumber: lids apart,
Soon will she rouse her giant limbs attuned
To that old music hidden at her heart.
Farewell! the little men! Their menial cries
Are distant as the sparrows' chatterings;
She rises in her circuit of the skies,
An eagle with the dawn upon her wings.
We come to harbour in the breath of wars;
Welcome again the land of our farewells!
In this strange ruin open to the stars
We find the haven, where her spirit dwells:
Where the near guns boom; and the stricken towns
are rolled
Skyward athunder with their trail of gold.

Herbert Asquith

BEFORE THE CHARGE

(Loos, 1915)

The night is still and the air is keen,
Tense with menace the time crawls by,
In front is the town and its homes are seen,
Blurred in outline against the sky.

The dead leaves float in the sighing air,
The darkness moves like a curtain drawn,
A veil which the morning sun will tear
From the face of death. We charge at dawn.

Patrick MacGill

IN THE MORNING

(Loos, 1915)

The firefly haunts were lighted yet,
As we scaled the top of the parapet;
But the East grew pale to another fire,
As our bayonets gleamed by the foeman's wire;
And the sky was tinged with gold and gray,
And under our feet the dead men lay,
Stiff by the loopholed barricade;
Food of the bomb and the hand-grenade;
Still in the slushy pool and mud —
Ah! the path we came was a path of blood,
When we went to Loos in the morning.

A little gray church at the foot of a hill,
With powdered glass on the window-sill.
The shell-scarred stone and the broken tile,
Littered the chancel, nave and aisle —
Broken the altar and smashed the pyx,
And the rubble covered the crucifix;
This we saw when the charge was done,
And the gas-clouds paled in the rising sun,
As we entered Loos in the morning.

The dead men lay on the shell-scarred plain,
Where Death and the Autumn held their reign —
Like banded ghosts in the heavens gray
The smoke of the powder paled away;
Where riven and rent the spinney trees
Shivered and shook in the sullen breeze,

And there, where the trench through the graveyard wound,
The dead men's bones stuck over the ground
By the road to Loos in the morning.

The turret towers that stood in the air,
Sheltered a foeman sniper there —
They found, who fell in the sniper's aim,
A field of death on the field of fame;
And stiff in khaki the boys were laid
To the sniper's toll at the barricade,
But the quick went clattering through the town,
Shot at the sniper and brought him down,
As we entered Loos in the morning.

The dead men lay on the cellar stair,
Toll of the bomb that found them there,
In the street men fell as a bullock drops,
Sniped from the fringe of Hulluch copse.
And the choking fumes of the deadly shell
Curtained the place where our comrades fell, —
This we saw when the charge was done,
And the East blushed red to the rising sun
In the town of Loos in the morning.

Patrick MacGill

REINCARNATION

I too remember distant golden days
When even my soul was young; I see the sand
Whirl in a blinding pillar towards the band
Of orange sky-line 'neath a turquoise blaze —

(Some burnt-out sky spread o'er a glistening land)
— And slim brown jargoning men in blue and gold,
I know it all so well, I understand
The ecstacy of worship ages-old.

Hear the first truth: The great far-seeing soul
Is ever in the humblest husk; I see
How each succeeding section takes its toll
In fading cycles of old memory.
And each new life the next life shall control
Until perfection reach Eternity.

E. Wyndham Tennant

Ramparts, Ypres, July, 1916

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS

Once more the Night like some great dark drop-scene
Eclipsing horrors for a brief entr'acte
Descends, lead-weighty. Now the space between,
Fringed with the eager eyes of men, is racked
By spark-tailed lights, curvetting far and high
Swift smoke-flecked coursers, raking the black sky.

And as each sinks in ashes grey, one more
Rises to fall, and so through all the hours
They strive like petty empires by the score,
Each confident of its success and powers,
And hovering at its zenith each will show
Pale rigid faces, lying dead, below.

There shall they lie, tainting the innocent air,
Until the Dawn, deep veiled in mournful grey,

Sadly and quietly shall lay them bare,
The broken heralds of a doleful day.

E. Wyndham Tennant

Hulluch Road. October, 1915

TO A SKYLARK BEHIND OUR TRENCHES

Thou little voice! Thou happy sprite,
How didst thou gain the air and light —
That sing'st so merrily?
How could such little wings
Give thee thy freedom from these dense
And fetid tombs — these burrows whence
We peer like frightened things?
In the free sky
Thou sail'st while here we crawl and creep
And fight and sleep
And die.

How canst thou sing while Nature lies
Bleeding and torn beneath thine eyes,
And the foul breath
Of rank decay hangs like a shroud
Over the fields the shell hath ploughed?
How canst thou sing, so gay and glad,
Whilst all the heavens are filled with death
And all the world is mad?

Yet sing! For at thy song
The tall trees stand up straight and strong
And stretch their twisted arms.
And smoke ascends from pleasant farms
And the shy flowers their odours give.

Once more the riven pastures smile,
And for a while
We live.

Edward de Stein

France, May, 1916

BEFORE GINCHY

SEPTEMBER, 1916

YON poisonous clod,
(Look! I could touch it with my stick!) that lies
In the next ulcer of this shell-pock'd land
To that which holds me now;
Yon carrion, with its devil-swarm of flies
That scorn the protest of the limp, cold hand,
Seeming half-rais'd to shield the matted brow;
Those festering rags whose colour mocks the sod;
And, O ye gods, those eyes!
Those staring, staring eyes!

How can I gaze unmov'd on sights like these?
What hideous enervation bids me sit
Here in the shelter of this neighbour pit,
Untroubled, unperturbéd, at mine ease,
And idly, coldly scan
This fearsome relic of what once was man?

Alas! what icy spell hath set
The seal upon warm pity? Whence
This freezing up of every sense?
I think not I lack pitifulness; — I know
That my affections were not ever so;
My heart is not of stone! — And yet

There's something in the feeling of this place,
  There's something in the breathing of this air,
Which lets me gaze upon that awful face
  Quite passionless; which lets me meet that stare
  Most quietly. — Nay, I could touch that hair,
    And sicken not to feel it coil and cling
      About my fingers. Did occasion press,
    Lo! I could spurn it with my foot — that thing
          Which lies so nigh! —
        Spurn it light-heartedly and pass it by.
      So cold, so hard, so seeming pitiless
            Am I!
    And yet not I alone; — they know full well,
      These others, that strange blunting of the
          heart:
      They know the workings of that devil's-art,
          Which drains a man's soul dry,
          And kills out sensibility!

      They know it too, and they can tell
      That this distemper strange and fell,
      This hideous blotting of the sense,
      Creeps on one like a pestilence!
      It is some deadly Power of ill
      Which overbears all human will!
      Some awful influence of the sky,
        Some dreadful power of the place,
          Wherein we live and breathe and move,
          Which withers up the roots of Love
        And dries the very springs of Grace.
It is the place! — *For, lo, we are in hell.*
          That is the reason why!

And things that curse and writhe, and things that
die,
And fearful, festering things that rot,
— They have their place here. They are not
Like unfamiliar portents hurl'd
From out some monstrous, alien world.
This is their place, their native atmosphere,
Their home; — they are in keeping here!

And, being in hell,
All we, who breathe this tense, fierce air,
— On us, too, lies the spell.
Something of that soul-deadening blight we share;
That even the eye is, in a sense, made one
With what it looks upon;
That even the brain, in some strange fashion
wrought,
Twists its familiar thought
To forms and shapes uncouth;
And even the heart — the heart that once did feel
The surge of tears and pity's warm appeal —
Doth quite forget her ancient ruth,
Can look on piteous sights unmov'd,
As though, forsooth, poor fool! she had never lov'd.

. . . . . .

They say we change, we men that come out here.
But do they know how great that change?
And do they know how darkly strange
Are those deep tidal waves that roll
Within the currents of the soul,
Down in the very founts of life,
Out here?

How can they know it? — Mother, sister, wife,
Friends, comrades, whoso else is dear,
How can they know? — Yet haply, half in fear,
Seeing a long-time absent face once more,
Something they note which was not there before,
— Perchance, a certain habit of the eye,
Perchance, an alter'd accent in the speech —
Showing he is not what he was of yore.
Such little, curious signs they note. Yet each
Doth in its little, nameless way
Some portion of the truth betray.
Such tokens do not lie!

The change is there; the change is true!
And so, what wonder, if the outward view
Do to the eye of Love unroll
Some hint of a transformèd soul?
— Some hint; for even Love dare peep
No further in that troubled deep;
And things there be too stern and dark
To live in any outward mark;
The things that they alone can tell,
Like Dante, who have walk'd in hell.

E. Armine Wodehouse

NEXT MORNING

I

To-day the sun shines bright,
The skies are fair;
There is a delicate freshness in the air,
Which, like a nimble sprite,
Plays lightly on my cheek and lifts my hair.

And, as I look about me — lo!
I see a world I do not know!
As though some soft celestial beam,
Some clean and wholesome grace
Had purgéd half the foulness of the place
To a strange beauty. — *Was it then a dream,*
That ghostly march, but yesternight,
Beneath the moon's uncertain light,
When, chill at heart, we pick'd our way
Thro' dreadful silent things, that lay
About our path on either hand?
Was it a dream? Is this the self-same land,
The land we pass'd thro' then?
How strange it seems! — Yet 't is the same!
I see from here the path by which we came.
The tumbled soil, the shatter'd trees are there!
And there, in desolation sleeping,
Almost too pitiful for weeping,
The little village — once the home of men!

Aye! the whole scene is there!
As desperate in its abandonment,
As melancholy-wild and savage-bare
As then. — But, somehow, in this warm, bright air
It all seems different!
The same — and yet I know it not!

II

Thus much I see. — *But there's a spot*
That 's hidden from mine eyes!
Behind the ruin'd church it lies,
Where gaping vaults, beneath the nave,

Have made a dreadful kind of cave;
And there, before the cavern's mouth,
A dark and stagnant pool is spread
So silent and so still!
I saw it last i' th' pale moonlight;
And I could think that shapes uncouth
Crept from that cave at dead of night
With ghoulish stealth, to feast their fill
Upon the pale and huddled dead!
Yet now,
Haply, beneath this warm sunlight,
Even that fearsome pool is bright,
Under the cavern's brow!
So outward fair, that none might guess
The secret of its hideousness,
Nor know what nameless things are done
There, with the setting of the sun!

E. Armine Wodehouse

A FINGER AND A HUGE, THICK THUMB

(A Ballad of the Trenches)

It was nearly twelve o'clock by the sergeant's watch;
The moon was three hours high.
The long grass growing on the parapet
Rustled as the wind went by.
Hoar-frost glistened on the bayonets
Of the rifles in the rifle-rack.
Suddenly I heard a faint, weird call
And an answering call come back.

We were standing in the corner by the Maxim gun,
In the shadow, and the sergeant said,

As he gripped my arm: "Did you hear it?"
I could only nod my head.
Looking down the length of the moonlit trench,
I saw the sleeping men
Huddled on the floor; but no one stirred.
Silently we listened again.

A second time it came, still dim and strange,
A far "Halloo-o-o! Halloo-o-o!"
I would n't have believed such a ghostly cry
Could sound so clearly, too.
The sentries standing to the right and left
Neither spoke nor stirred.
They stood like stone. Can it be, I thought,
That nobody else has heard?

Then closer at hand, "Halloo-o-o! Halloo-o-o!"
Again the answering call.
"Quick!" said the sergeant as he pulled me down
In the shadow, close to the wall.
I dropped in a heap and none too soon;
For scarcely a rifle-length away,
A man stood silent on the parados;
His face was a ghastly gray.

He carried a queer, old muzzle-loading gun;
The bayonet was dim with rust.
His top-boots were muddy, and his red uniform
Covered with blood and dust.
He waited for a moment, then waved his hand,
And they came in twos and threes:
Englishmen, Dutchmen, French cuirassiers,
Highlanders with great bare knees;

Pikemen, archers with huge crossbows,
Lancers and grenadiers;
Men in rusty armor, with battle-dented shields,
With axes and swords and spears.
Great blond giants with long, flowing hair
And limbs of enormous girth;
Yellow men with bludgeons, black men with knives,
From the wild, waste lands of the earth.

The one with the queer, old muzzle-loading gun
Jumped down with a light, quick leap.
He was head and shoulders higher than the parapet,
Though the trench was six feet deep.
The sentries stood like men in a dream,
With their faces to the German line.
He felt of their arms, their bodies, and their legs,
But they made no sound or sign.

He beckoned to the others, and three jumped in.
I was shaking like a man with a chill;
But I could n't help smiling when the sergeant said
Through his chattering teeth: "K-k-k-keep s-s-s-still!"
A hairy-armed giant, with rings in his ears,
Stood looking down the dugout stair,
Hands on his knees. Slowly he turned,
And saw us lying there!

With a huge forefinger and a huge, thick thumb
He felt us over, limb by limb.
The two of us together would not have made
One man the size of him.

I could see his scorn, and my face burned hot,
Though my body was cold and numb,
When he spanned my chest so disdainfully
With only a finger and a thumb.

Suddenly the chatter of the sergeant's teeth
Stopped. He was angry, too;
And he whispered: "Are you game? Get the
Maxim gun!"
I hugged him. "It will scare them blue."
Slowly, very slowly, we rose to our feet;
I was conscious of my knocking knees.
The murmur of their voices was an eery sound
Like wind in wintry trees.

I saw them staring from the tail of my eye
As the tripod legs we set.
We lifted the gun and clamped it on,
With the muzzle at the parapet.
Nervously I pushed in the tag of the belt;
The sergeant loaded and laid
Quietly, deftly; the click of the lock
Was the only sound he made.

"Ready!" he nodded. I turned my head
And nearly collapsed with fright.
Four of them were standing at my shoulder,
The others to the left and right.
Then, "Fire!" I shouted, and the gun leaped up
With a roar and a spurt of flame.
The sergeant gripped the handles while the belt
ran through,
Never stopping to correct his aim.

Fearfully I turned, then jumped to my feet,
Forgetting all about the feed.
They were running like the wind up a long, steep hill,
With the thumb-and-finger man in the lead!
And high above the rattle and roar of the gun
I heard a despairing yell,
As Englishmen, Dutchmen, pikemen, bowmen,
Vanished in the night, pell-mell.

The men who were sleeping in the moonlit trench
Sat up and rubbed their eyes;
And one of them muttered in a drowsy voice:
"Wot to blazes is the row, you guys?"
The sergeant said: "That'll do! That'll do!"
But he whispered to me: "Keep mum!"
They would n't have believed that the row was all about
A finger and a huge, thick thumb.

James Norman Hall

GOD'S HILLS

In our hill-country of the North,
The rainy skies are soft and gray,
And rank on rank the clouds go forth,
And rain in orderly array
Treads the mysterious flanks of hills
That stood before our race began,
And still shall stand when Sorrow spills
Her last tear on the dust of man.

There shall the mists in beauty break
And clinging tendrils finely drawn,

A rose and silver glory make
About the silent feet of dawn;
Till Gable clears his iron sides
And Bowfell's wrinkled front appears,
And Scawfell's clustered might derides
The menace of the marching years.

The tall men of that noble land
Who share such high companionship,
Are scorners of the feeble hand,
Contemners of the faltering lip.
When all the ancient truths depart,
In every strait that men confess,
Stands in the stubborn Cumbrian heart
The spirit of that steadfastness.

In quiet valleys of the hills
The humble gray stone crosses lie,
And all day long the curlew shrills
And all day long the wind goes by.
But on some stifling alien plain
The flesh of Cumbrian men is thrust
In shallow pits, and cries in vain
To mingle with its kindred dust.

Yet those make death a little thing
Who know the settled works of God,
Winds that heard Latin watchwords ring
From ramparts where the Roman trod.
Stars that beheld the last King's crown
Flash in the steel-gray mountain tarn,
And ghylls that cut the live rock down
Before Kings ruled in Ispahan.

And when the sun at even dips
And Sabbath bells are sad and sweet,
When some wan Cumbrian mother's lips
Pray for the son they shall not greet,
As falls that sudden dew of grace
Which makes for her the riddle plain,
The South wind blows to our own place,
And we shall see the hills again.

William Noel Hodgson
("*Edward Melbourne*")

AMMUNITION COLUMN

I AM only a cog in a giant machine, a link of an endless chain: —
And the rounds are drawn, and the rounds are fired, and the empties return again;
Railroad, lorry, and limber; battery, column, and park;
To the shelf where the set fuse waits the breech, from the quay where the shells embark.
We have watered and fed, and eaten our beef; the long dull day drags by,
As I sit here watching our "Archibalds" *strafing* an empty sky;
Puff and flash on the far-off blue round the speck one guesses the plane —
Smoke and spark of the gun-machine that is fed by the endless chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, a little link in the chain,
Waiting a word from the wagon-lines that the guns are hungry again: —

Column-wagon to battery-wagon, and battery-wagon to gun;
To the loader kneeling 'twixt trail and wheel from the shops where the steam-lathes run.
There's a lone mule braying against the line where the mud cakes fetlock-deep;
There's a lone soul humming a hint of a song in the barn where the drivers sleep;
And I hear the pash of the orderly's horse as he canters him down the lane —
Another cog in the gun-machine, a link in the selfsame chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, but a vital link in the chain;
And the Captain has sent from the wagon-line to fill his wagons again; —
From wagon-limber to gunpit dump; from loader's fore-arm at breech,
To the working-party that melts away when the shrapnel bullets screech. —
So the restless section pulls out once more in column of route from the right
At the tail of a blood-red afternoon; so the flux of another night
Bears back the wagons we fill at dawn to the sleeping column again . . .
Cog on cog in the gun-machine, link on link in the chain!

Gilbert Frankau

THE VOICE OF THE GUNS

We are the guns, and your masters! Saw ye our
flashes?
Heard ye the scream of our shells in the night, and
the shuddering crashes?
Saw ye our work by the roadside, the shrouded things
lying,
Moaning to God that He made them — the maimed
and the dying?
Husbands or sons,
Fathers or lovers, we break them! We are the guns!

We are the guns and ye serve us! Dare ye grow weary,
Steadfast at night-time, at noontime; or waking, when
dawn winds blow dreary
Over the fields and the flats and the reeds of the barrier-
water,
To wait on the hour of our choosing, the minute de-
cided for slaughter?
Swift the clock runs;
Yes, to the ultimate second. *Stand to your guns!*

We are the guns and we need you! Here, in the
timbered
Pits that are screened by the crest and the copse where
at dusk ye unlimbered,
Pits that one found us — and, finding, gave life (did he
flinch from the giving?);
Laboured by moonlight when wraith of the dead
brooded yet o'er the living;
Ere, with the sun's
Rising, the sorrowful spirit abandoned its guns.

Who but the guns shall avenge him? *Strip us for action!*
Load us and lay to the centremost hair of the dial-sight's refraction!
Set your quick hands to our levers to compass the sped soul's assoiling;
Brace your taut limbs to the shock when the thrust of the barrel recoiling
Deafens and stuns!
Vengeance is ours for our servants, trust ye the guns!

Least of our bond-slaves or greatest, grudge ye the burden?
Hard is this service of ours which has only our service for guerdon:
Grow the limbs lax, and unsteady the hands, which aforetime we trusted?
Flawed, the clear crystal of sight; and the clean steel of hardihood rusted?
Dominant ones,
Are we not tried serfs and proven — true to our guns?

Ye are the guns! Are we worthy? Shall not these speak for us,
Out of the woods where the tree-trunks are slashed with the vain bolts that seek for us,
Thunder of batteries firing in unison, swish of shell flighting,
Hissing that rushes to silence and breaks to the thud of alighting?
Death that outruns
Horseman and foot? Are we justified? Answer, O guns!

Yea! by your works are ye justified — toil unrelievéd;
Manifold labours, coördinate each to the sending achievéd;
Discipline, not of the feet but the soul, unremitting, unfeignéd;
Tortures unholy by flame and by maiming, known, faced, and disdainéd;
Courage that shuns
Only foolhardiness; — even by these are ye worthy your guns!

Wherefore — and unto ye only — power hath been given;
Yea! beyond man, over men, over desolate cities and riven;
Yea! beyond space, over earth and the seas and the sky's high dominions;
Yea! beyond time, over Hell and the fiends and the Death-Angel's pinions!
Vigilant ones,
Loose them, and shatter, and spare not! We are the guns!

Gilbert Frankau

A KISS

She kissed me when she said good-bye —
A child's kiss, neither bold nor shy.

We had met but a few short summer hours;
Talked of the sun, the wind, the flowers,

Sports and people; had rambled through
A casual catchy song or two,

And walked with arms linked to the car
By the light of a single misty star.

(It was war-time, you see, and the streets were
dark
Lest the ravishing Hun should find a mark.)

And so we turned to say good-bye;
But somehow or other, I don't know why,

— Perhaps 't was the feel of the khaki coat
(She'd a brother in Flanders then) that smote

Her heart to a sudden tenderness
Which issued in that swift caress —

Somehow, to her, at any rate
A mere hand-clasp seemed inadequate;

And so she lifted her dewy face
And kissed me — but without a trace

Of passion, — and we said good-bye . . .
A child's kiss, . . . neither bold nor shy.

My friend, I like you — it seemed to say —
Here's to our meeting again some day!
Some happier day . . .
Good-bye.

Bernard Freeman Trotter

August, 1916

THE POPLARS

O, a lush green English meadow — it's there that I would lie —
A skylark singing overhead, scarce present to the eye,
And a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky.

The elm is aspiration, and death is in the yew,
And beauty dwells in every tree from Lapland to Peru;
But there's magic in the poplars when the wind goes through.

When the wind goes through the poplars and blows them silver white,
The wonder of the universe is flashed before my sight:
I see immortal visions: I know a god's delight.

I catch the secret rhythm that steals along the earth,
That swells the bud, and splits the burr, and gives the oak its girth,
That mocks the blight and canker with its eternal birth.

It wakes in me the savour of old forgotten things,
Before "reality" had marred the child's imaginings:
I can believe in fairies — I see their shimmering wings.

I see with the clear vision of that untainted prime,
Before the fool's bells jangled in and Elfland ceased to chime,
That sin and pain and sorrow are but a pantomime —

A dance of leaves in ether, of leaves threadbare and
sere,
From whose decaying husks at last what glory shall
appear
When the white winter angel leads in the happier
year.

And so I sing the poplars; and when I come to die
I will not look for jasper walls, but cast about
my eye
For a row of wind-blown poplars against an English
sky.

Bernard Freeman Trotter

Oxford, September, 1916

THE CATHEDRAL

Hope and mirth are gone. Beauty is departed.
Heaven's hid in smoke, if there's Heaven still.
Silent the city, friendless, broken-hearted,
Crying in quiet as a widow will.
Oh, for the sound here of a good man's laughter,
Of one blind beggar singing in the street,
Where there's no sound, excepting a blazing rafter
Falls, or the patter of a starved dog's feet.

I have seen Death, and comrades' crumbled faces,
Yea, I have closed dear eyes with half a smile;
But horror's in this havoc of old places
Where driven men once rested from their hurry,
And girls were happy for a little while,
Forgiving, praying, singing, feeling sorry.

William G. Shakespeare

MEMORIES

Far up at Glorian the wind is sighing,
And, as the light grows less,
Across the downland sounds the plovers' crying,
The voice of loneliness.

Thither, from this sad waste of waters streaming,
All the unending night,
My heart returns, to see by Kennet gleaming
One cottage window-light.

Yet for your sake it is that I must roam now,
Dear lands, dear lads I know;
I love you so, I could not stay at home now,
Nor pay the debt I owe.

E. Hilton Young

LINES WRITTEN IN A FIRE-TRENCH [1]

'T is midnight, and above the hollow trench,
Seen through a gaunt wood's battle-blasted trunks
And the stark rafters of a shattered grange,
The quiet sky hangs huge and thick with stars.
And through the vast gloom, murdering its peace,
Guns bellow and their shells rush swishing ere
They burst in death and thunder, or they fling
Wild jangling spirals round the screaming air.
Bullets whine by, and Maxims drub like drums,
And through the heaped confusion of all sounds
One great gun drives its single vibrant "Broum,"

[1] Written in fire-trench above "Glencorse Wood," Westhoeck, April 11, 1915.

And scarce five score of paces from the wall
Of piled sandbags and barb-toothed nets of wire,
(So near and yet what thousand leagues away!)
The unseen foe both adds and listens to
The selfsame discord, eyed by the same stars.
Deep darkness hides the desolated land,
Save where a sudden flare sails up and bursts
In whitest glare above the wilderness,
And for one instant lights with lurid pallor
The tense, packed faces in the black redoubt.

W. S. S. Lyon

BACK TO LONDON: A POEM OF LEAVE

I HAVE not wept when I have seen
My stricken comrades die;
I have not wept when we have made
The place where they should lie;
My heart seemed drowned in tears, but still
No tear came to my eye.

There is a time to weep, saith One,
A season to refrain;
How should it ope, this fount of tears,
While I sat in the train,
So that all blurred the landscape moved
Out with the window-pane?

But one short day since I had left
A land upheaved and rent,
Where Spring brings back no bourgeoning,
As Nature's force were spent;

Yet now I travelled in a train
  Thro' the kindly land of Kent!

A kindly land, a pleasant land,
  As welcome sight to me
As after purgatorial pains
  The Plains of Heaven might be,
When the wondrous Goodness that is God
  Draws a soul from jeopardy.

A pleasant land, a peaceful land
  Of wooded hill and weald,
Where kine stand knee-deep in the grass,
  And sheep graze in the field;
A blesséd land, where a wounded heart
  Might readily be healed.

A wholesome land, where each white road
  Leads to a ruddy hearth;
Where still is heard the sound of song
  And the kindly note of mirth;
Where the strong man cheerful wakes to toil
  And the dead sleep sound i' the earth.

I have not wept when I have seen
  My chosen comrades die;
I have not wept while we have digged
  The grave where they should lie;
But now I lay my head in my hand
  Lest my comrades see me cry.

The little children, two by two,
  Stand on the five-barred gate,

And wave their hands to waft us home
  Like passengers of state;
My heart is very full, so full
  It holds no room for hate.

The children climb the five-barred gate
  And blow us kisses five,
The little cripple in his car
  Waves from the carriage drive:
Blest are the dead, but blest e'en more
  We soldiers still alive!

Lo! we draw near to London town,
  The troop-train jolts and drags,
The friendly poor come forth once more
  To greet us in their rags —
The very linen on the line
  Flutters and flaunts like flags!

The girls within the factory grim
  Smile at the broken pane;
The seamstress in her lonely room
  Sighs o'er her task again;
The servant shakes her duster forth
  To signal our speeding train;

The station names go flitting past
  Like old familiar friends;
The smoke cloud with the clouds aloft
  In wondrous fashion blends,
And, lo! we enter London town,
  To where all journeying ends.

I have not wept when I have seen
A hundred comrades die;
I have not wept when that we shaped
The house where they must lie —
But now I hide my head in my hand
Lest my comrades see me cry.

These are the scenes, these the dear souls,
'Mid which our lot was cast,
To this loved land, if Fate be kind,
We shall return at last,
For this our stern steel line we hold —
Lord, may we hold it fast!

Joseph Lee

RED POPPIES IN THE CORN

I've seen them in the morning light,
When white mists drifted by:
I've seen them in the dusk o' night
Glow 'gainst the starry sky.
The slender waving blossoms red,
Mid yellow fields forlorn:
A glory on the scene they shed,
Red Poppies in the Corn.

I've seen them, too, those blossoms red,
Show 'gainst the Trench lines' screen,
A crimson stream that waved and spread
Thro' all the brown and green:
I've seen them dyed a deeper hue
Than ever nature gave,
Shell-torn from slopes on which they grew,
To cover many a grave.

Bright blossoms fair by nature set
Along the dusty ways,
You cheered us, in the battle's fret,
Thro' long and weary days:
You gave us hope: if fate be kind,
We 'll see that longed-for morn,
When home again we march and find
Red Poppies in the Corn.

W. Campbell Galbraith

HORSE-BATHING PARADE

A few clouds float across the grand blue sky,
The glorious sun has mounted zenith-high,
Mile upon mile of sand, flat, golden, clean,
And bright, stretch north and south, and fringed with green,
The rough dunes fitly close the landward view.
All else is sea; somewhere in misty blue
The distant coast seems melting into air —
Earth, sky, and ocean, all commingling there —
And one bold, lonely rock, whose guardian light
Glistens afar by day, a spire snow white.
Here, where the ceaseless blue-green rollers dash
Their symmetry to dazzling foam and flash,
We ride our horses, silken flanks ashine,
Spattered and soaked with flying drops of brine,
The sunny water tosses round their knees,
Their smooth tails shimmer in the singing breeze.
White streaks of foam sway round us, to and fro,
With shadows swaying on the sand below;
The horses snort and start to see the foam,

And hear the breaking roar of waves that come,
Or, pawing, splash the brine, and so we stand,
And hear the surf rush hissing up the sand.

W. Kersley Holmes

AFTER ACTION

(A Soul Remembers)

Once, in my moment of earth,
Before the immortal re-birth,
I thought of my flesh as a thing
Like to the house of a king, —
Beautiful, worthy to stand
Proud on the heavenly strand.

I remember it now as a clod
Prone in the gardens of God, —
Mean, without honor or beauty,
Justified but by the duty
Of spending its pittance of power
In rearing a heavenly flower.

Robert Haven Schauffler

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

Who would remember me were I to die,
Remember with a pang and yet no pain;
Remember as a friend, and feel good-bye
Said at each memory as it wakes again?

I would not that a single heart should ache —
That some dear heart will ache is my one grief.

Friends, if I have them, I would fondly take
With me that best of gifts, a friend's belief.

I have believed, and for my faith reaped tares;
Believed again, and, losing, was content;
A heart perchance touched blindly, unawares,
Rewards with friendship faith thus freely spent.

Bury the body — it has served its ends;
Mark not the spot, but "On Gallipoli,"
Let it be said, "he died." Oh, Hearts of Friends,
If I am worth it, keep my memory.

James Sprent

HEREAFTER

It's Autumn-time on Salisbury Plain.

Let it be Autumn-time again
When life is cured of this black pain
And I go home, go home again,
By Highgate on the Hill.
For there 's a little wood I know
Where all the trees of wonder grow,
And shadows like cool waters flow
'Twixt ivied banks on beds of moss, —
Mingle and merge and fade and cross.
And you may come and you may go
And never in that holy place
Look upon a German face.

The trees have all grown as they will
In the wood by Highgate on the Hill:

Great oaks with many a lichen sash
And elm and birch, and may and ash,
In twos and threes they stand together
In all the splendid autumn weather.
And in between and left and right
Are laurel bushes green and bright.
Acorns and chestnuts patter down
On leaves all gold and red and brown,
All gold and red and brown and grey
That dance the afternoon away.

October's quick and golden rains
Wander in rivers down the lanes,
Or make, in hollows, little ponds
Where pebbles shine like diamonds.
From breakfast-time till after tea
In ev'ry branch of ev'ry tree
The starlings, like a lot of boys,
For love of life make heaps of noise:
Such noise, — there is no gladder sound
In all the glad year's tuneful round;
Such placid anger, peaceful rage —
What actors on what airy stage,
What comedy for what a wage!
Children and birds and autumn trees, —
The world were well content with these.

When bloody William and his son
Are safely dead at last, and one
May go believing there's no dearth
Of glory yet upon the Earth, —
A glory, not of fire and smoke
And things that burst and blind and choke,

A wonder, not of eyes that turn
To some new thing to blast and burn,
A wisdom, not of thrusts and stabs
And stripes and stars and scarlet tabs,
A worship, not of poisoned breath
And little children done to death, —
These shall delight my soul at last
When then is now and now is past,
Where the many-scented dews distil
In the wood by Highgate on the Hill.
There I shall find forgotten themes,
And empty husks of faded dreams
Whose seed, far scattered, soon or late,
Shall find soft soil and germinate;
Remember I am still a boy
And haply rediscover joy,
Youth and all that follows after
Vanished vision and lost laughter.
All the wood will shout and sing
At my great remembering.
Ev'ry leaf will be a voice
Tuned to welcome and rejoice,
Sky and wind and blade and tree
Stretch forth hands to welcome me.

Deep in the wood lie hidden springs
Of half of life's delightful things.
A stirring leaf, a bird in flight
Will start soft flames of coloured light
That leap and dance and flash and burn
Through waving grass and feathery fern.
Music will tell an ancient tale
When moonrise wakes a nightingale.

Here is the rich, sweet smell of earth,
Movement and melody and mirth:
Such mirth as flashes from the eyes
Of Gabriel in Paradise,
Such melody as when he sings,
Such movement as his flaming wings,
For woods and Paradise are one
When seen beneath an autumn sun.
I shall be home again and hear
Sounds that subdue the soul's worst fear.
I shall be home again and find
All that is pitiful and kind,
Healing for nerves left torn and sore
By red monotony of War.

O Wood by Highgate on the Hill,
When fighting's over be there still!

Ronald Lewis Carton

KEEPING THE SEAS

WIRELESS

Now to those who search the deep —
  Gleam of Hope and *Kindly Light*, —
Once, before you turn to sleep,
  Breathe a message through the night.
Never doubt that they'll receive it.
Send it, once, and you'll believe it.

Think you these aerial wires
  Whisper more than spirits may?
Think you that our strong desires
  Touch no distance when we pray?
Think you that no wings are flying
'Twixt the living and the dying?

Inland, here, upon your knees,
  You shall breathe from urgent lips
Round the ships that guard your seas
  Fleet on fleet of angel ships;
Yea, the guarded may so bless them
That no terrors can distress them.

You shall guide the darkling prow,
  Kneeling — thus — and far inland;
You shall touch the storm-beat brow
  Gently as a spirit-hand.
Even a blindfold prayer may speed them,
And a little child may lead them.

Alfred Noyes

"THE VINDICTIVE"

How should we praise those lads of the old *Vindictive*
Who looked Death straight in the eyes,
Till his gaze fell,
In those red gates of hell?

England, in her proud history, proudly enrolls them,
And the deep night in her remembering skies
With purer glory
Shall blazon their grim story.

There were no throngs to applaud that hushed adventure.
They were one to a thousand on that fierce emprise.
The shores they sought
Were armoured, past all thought.

Oh, they knew fear, be assured, as the brave must know it,
With youth and its happiness bidding their last good-byes;
Till thoughts, more dear
Than life, cast out all fear.

For if, as we think, they remembered the brown-roofed homesteads,
And the scent of the hawthorn hedges when daylight dies,
Old happy places,
Young eyes and fading faces;

One dream was dearer that night than the best of their boyhood,
One hope more radiant than any their hearts could prize —
The touch of your hand,
The light of your face, England!

So, age to age shall tell how they sailed through the darkness,
Where, under those high, austere, implacable stars,
Not one in ten
Might look for a dawn again.

They saw the ferryboats, *Iris* and *Daffodil*, creeping
Darkly as clouds to the shimmering mine-strewn bars,
Flash into light!
Then thunder reddened the night.

The wild white swords of the searchlights blinded and stabbed them.
The sharp black shadows fought in fantastic wars.
Black waves leapt whitening,
Red decks were washed with lightning.

But, under the twelve-inch guns of the black land-batteries,
The hacked bright hulk, in a glory of crackling spars,
Moved to her goal
Like an immortal soul,

That, while its raw rent flesh in a furnace is tortured,
Reigns by a law no agony ever can shake,

And shines in power
Above all shocks of the hour.

Oh, there, while the decks ran blood and the star-shells lightened,
The shattering ship that the enemy never could break
Swept through the fire
And grappled her heart's desire.

There, on a wreck that blazed with the soul of England,
The lads that died in the dark for England's sake
Knew, as they died,
Nelson was at their side;

Nelson, and all the ghostly fleets of his island,
Fighting beside them there, and the soul of Drake!—
Dreams, as we knew,
Till these lads made them true.

How should we praise you, lads of the old Vindictive,
Who looked Death straight in the eyes,
Till his gaze fell,
In those red gates of hell?

Alfred Noyes

THE CHIVALRY OF THE SEA

(Dedicated to the memory of Charles Fisher, late student of Christ Church, Oxford.)

Over the warring waters, beneath the wandering skies,
The heart of Britain roameth, the Chivalry of the sea,
Where Spring never bringeth a flower, nor bird singeth in a tree;

Far, afar, O beloved, beyond the sight of our eyes,
Over the warring waters, beneath the stormy skies.

Staunch and valiant-hearted, to whom our toil were play,
Ye man with armour'd patience the bulwarks night and day,
Or on your iron coursers plough shuddering through the Bay,
Or 'neath the deluge drive the skirmishing sharks of war:
Venturous boys who leapt on the pinnace and row'd from shore,
A mother's tear in the eye, a swift farewell to say,
And a great glory at heart that none can take away.

Seldom is your home-coming; for aye your pennon flies
In unrecorded exploits on the tumultuous wave;
Till, in the storm of battle, fast-thundering upon the foe,
Ye add your kindred names to the heroes of long ago,
And mid the blasting wrack, in the glad sudden death of the brave,
Ye are gone to return no more. — Idly our tears arise;
Too proud for praise as ye lie in your unvisited grave,
The wide-warring water, under the starry skies.

Robert Bridges

THE BATTLE OF THE BIGHT

Had I that fabled herb
  Which brought to life the dead,
Whom would I dare disturb
  In his eternal bed?

Great Grenville would I wake,
And with glad tidings make
The soul of mighty Drake
  Upheave a glorying head.

As rose the misty sun,
  Our men the North Sea scanned,
And each rejoicing gun
  Welcomed a foe at hand,
Eager, with thunderous throat,
To sound, for all afloat,
The world-awakening note
  The world can understand.

For ev'n as birds of night,
  Hoary and tawny owl,
Do sometimes brave the light,
  Like bolder, nobler fowl,
So did the foe that day
Come venturing forth for prey,
Where, on the ocean way,
  Our ocean watchdogs prowl.

But brief and plain, 'mid men
  Not born to yield or flee,
Our cannon spoke out then
  The speech that keeps us free,
And battered, with hoarse boom,
Four warships to their doom,
While one, to a fiercer tomb,
  Fled blazing down the sea.

Sleep on, O Drake, sleep well,
  In days not wholly dire!

Grenville, whom nought could quell,
Unquenched is still thy fire.
And thou that hadst no peer,
Nelson, thou need'st not fear!
Thy sons and heirs are here,
And shall not shame their sire.

William Watson

THE SONG OF THE GUNS AT SEA

Oh hear! Oh hear!
Across the sullen tide
Across the echoing dome horizon-wide
What pulse of fear
Beats with tremendous boom?
What call of instant doom,
With thunderstroke of terror and of pride,
With urgency that may not be denied,
Reverberates upon the heart's own drum
Come! . . . Come! . . . for thou must come!

Come forth, O Soul!
This is thy day of power.
This is the day and this the glorious hour
That was the goal
Of thy self-conquering strife.
The love of child and wife,
The fields of Earth and the wide ways of Thought —
Did not thy purpose count them all as nought
That in this moment thou thyself mayst give
And in thy country's life for ever live?

Therefore rejoice
That in thy passionate prime
Youth's nobler hope disdained the spoils of Time
And thine own choice
Fore-earned for thee this day.
Rejoice! rejoice to obey
In the great hour of life that men call Death
The beat that bids thee draw heroic breath,
Deep-throbbing till thy mortal heart be dumb
Come! . . . Come! . . . the time is come!

Henry Newbolt

THE MERCHANTMEN

The skippers and the mates, they know!
The men aloft or down below,
They've heard the news and still they go.

The merchant ships still jog along
By Bay or Cape, an endless throng,
As endless as a seaman's song.

The humbler tramps aloft display
The English flag as on the day
When no one troubled such as they.

The lesser ships — barks, schooners, brigs —
A motley crowd of many rigs,
Go on their way like farmers' gigs.

Where Æolus himself has thrones
The big four-master Glasgow owns
Through Trades and Roaring Forties drones.

The lofty liners in their pride
Stem every current, every tide:
At anchor in all ports they ride.

They signal Gib., which looks and winks;
Grave Malta sees them as she thinks;
They pass old Egypt's ageless Sphinx.

Sokotra knows them; Zanzibar
Mirrors them in its oil: they are
Hove to for pilots near and far.

For them Belle Isle and bright Penmarch
Shine million-candled through the dark,
They're inside Ushant, or by Sark.

Perim and Ormuz and Cochin
Know them and nod: the mingled din
Of cities where strange idols grin.

The wharves of sea-set Singapore,
Batavia and Colombo's shore,
Where over palms the monsoons roar.

The opened parts of shut Japan,
Chemulpo's harbour and Gensan,
Strange places, Chinese, Formosan!

Head-hunters watch them in close seas,
Timor, Gilolo, Celebes,
They sail by the New Hebrides.

Their spars are tried by southern gales,
Great alien stars shine on their sails
Set for the breeze or in the brails.

To carry home their golden rape
A thousand courses still they shape
By the lone Horn or windy Cape.

They 've seen the hot seas' dreadful drouth,
The bitter gales of Sixty South,
Disasters fell and greedy mouth:

The menace of the berg and floe,
The blindness of the fog and snow,
All these the English seamen know.

From Sydney to San Salvador
They know what they are seeking for:
Their gods are not the gods of war.

And still they calmly jog along
By Bay and Cape, an endless throng,
As endless as some dog-watch song.

Morley Roberts

WHERE KITCHENER SLEEPS

O GRIM and iron-bastioned,
Tumultuous Orcades;
Of vast and awful maelstroms,
And eagle-taloned seas; —
Great is your cruel sovereignty,
But greater than all your might,
Was he, this strong world-captain,
Who entered your halls to-night.

Wild were the headland skerries,
And wilder the sunset's frown,

And the kelpie lords were abroad in the dark,
When Kitchener went down;
Down in the hour of duty,
His worldwide task scarce done,
'Mid the thunder of cannonading surfs,
And the searchlight gleam of the sun.

What fitter and truer ending,
Than greatly thus to die,
Called to his sleep in the kingly deep,
'Mid the pageant of water and sky;
To sink to his long, last slumber,
With Ocean to cradle his form;
And draw round the sweep of his lordly sleep
The mighty curtains of storm!

Yes, famed is the storied abbey
Where slumber our kingly dead;
And solemn the lofty-domed St. Paul's
Where the last sad rites are said;
But where in all earth's sepulchres
For this iron soul more meet,
Than to keep his rest where the titan surfs
Thunder at Bursay's feet?

Wilfred Campbell

AFTER JUTLAND

The City of God is late become a seaport town
For the clean and bronzed sailors walking up and down
And the bearded Commanders, the Captains so brave,
Bringing there the taste of the sea from the salt sea wave.

There are boys in the City's streets make holiday
And all around are playing-fields and the boys at play;
They dive in clear waters, climb many a high tree,
They look out as they used to do for a ship at sea.

The sailor keeps a clean soul on the seas untrod;
There is room in the great spaces for the Vision of God
Walking on the waters, bidding him not fear;
He has the very cleanest eyes a man can wear.

There's salt wind in Heaven and the salt sea-spray,
And the little midshipmen boys are shouting at their play,
There's a soft sound of waters lapping on the shore,
The sailor he is home from sea to go back no more.

Katharine Tynan

OFF HELIGOLAND

Ghostly ships in a ghostly sea, —
  Here's to Drake in the Spanish main! —
Hark to the turbines, running free,
  Oil-cups full and the orders plain.
Plunging into the misty night,
  Surging into the rolling brine,
Never a word, and never a light, —
  This for England, that love of mine!

Look! a gleam on the starboard bow, —
  Here's to the *Fighting Temeraire!*
Quartermaster, be ready now,
  Two points over, and keep her there.

Ghostly ships — let the foemen grieve.
Yon's the Admiral, tight and trim,
And one more — with an empty sleeve —
Standing a little aft of him!

Slender, young, in a coat of blue, —
Here's to the *Agamemnon's* pride! —
Out of the mists that long he knew,
Out of the *Victory*, where he died,
Here, to the battle-front he came.
See, he smiles in his gallant way!
Ghostly ships in a ghostly game,
Roaring guns on a ghostly day!

There in his white silk smalls he stands, —
Here's to Nelson, with three times three! —
Coming out of the misty lands
Far, far over the misty sea.
Now the Foe is a crippled wreck,
Limping out of the deadly fight.
Smiling yond, on the quarterdeck
Stands the Spirit, all silver-bright.

J. Edgar Middleton

THE AUXILIARY CRUISER

(H.M. Auxiliary Cruiser —— has been lost at sea with all hands. It is presumed that she struck a mine during the gale on the night of the 12th inst. The relatives have been informed. — *Admiralty Official.*)

The day closed in a wrath of cloud. The gale —
Like a fierce beast that shuns the light of day,
Skulking within the jungle till his prey
Steals forth at dusk to water at the well, —

Now leapt upon her, howling. Steep and swift,
The black sea boiled about her sky-flung bows,
And in the shrouds, the winds in mad carouse
Screamed: and in the sky's pall was no rift.

And it was cold. Oh, bitter cold it was.
The wind-whipped spray-drops froze before they fell
And tinkled on the iron decks like hail;
And every rope and block was cased in glass.
And ever wild and wilder grew the night.
Great seas lunged at her, bellowing in wrath;
Contemptuous, to sweep her from their path.
And not in all that waste one friendly light.

Alone, spray-blinded, through the clamourous murk,
By skill and courage besting the hungry sea,
Mocking the tempest's fury, staggered she.
The storm is foiled: now for the Devil's work!
The swinging bows crash down into the trough,
And with a sudden flame the sea is riven,
And a dull roar outroars the tempest even.
Her engine's pulse is stilled. It is enough.

Oh, have you ever seen a foundered horse —
His great heart broken by a task too great
For his endurance, but unbroken yet
His spirit — striving to complete his course?
Falling at last, eyes glazed and nostrils wide,
And have not ached with pity? Pity now
A brave ship shattered by a coward blow
That once had spurned the waters in her pride.

And can you picture — you who dwell secure
In sheltered houses, warm and filled with light, —

The loneliness and terror of that fight
In shrieking darkness? Feel with them, (the sure
Foundation of their very world destroyed),
The sluggish lifting of the lifeless hull,
Wallowing ever deeper till, with a dull
Half-sob she plunges and the seas are void.

Yet — Oh be sure, they did not pass alone
Into the darkness all uncomforted;
For round them hovered England's mighty Dead
To greet them: and a pale poop lanthorn shone
Lighting them homeward, and a voice rang clear —
As when he cheered his own devoted band —
"Heaven's as near by sea as by the land,"
Sir Humphrey Gilbert hailed them; "Be of cheer!"

N. M. F. Corbett

THE NORTH SEA GROUND

Oh, Grimsby is a pleasant town as any man may find,
An' Grimsby wives are thrifty wives, an' Grimsby girls are kind,
An' Grimsby lads were never yet the lads to lag behind
When there's men's work doin' on the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" for the high tide's flowin',
An' off the misty waters a cold wind blowin';
Skipper's come aboard, an' it's time that we were goin',
An' there's fine fish waitin' on the North Sea ground.

Soles in the Silver Pit — an' there we'll let 'em lie;
Cod on the Dogger — oh, we'll fetch 'em by-an'-by;
War on the water — an' it's time to serve an' die,
For there's wild work doin' on the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" they want you at the trawlin'
(With your long sea-boots and your tarry old tarpaulin');
All across the bitter seas duty comes a-callin'
In the Winter's weather off the North Sea ground.

It's well we've learned to laugh at fear — the sea has taught us how;
It's well we've shaken hands with death — we'll not be strangers now,
With death in every climbin' wave before the trawler's bow,
An' the black spawn swimmin' on the North Sea ground.

Good luck to all our fightin' ships that rule the English sea;
Good luck to our brave merchantmen wherever they may be;
The sea it is their highway, an' we've got to sweep it free
For the ships passin' over on the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" for the sea wind's crying;
"Time an' time to go where the herrin' gulls are flyin';"

An' down below the stormy seas the dead men lyin',
Oh, the dead lying quiet on the North Sea ground!

C. Fox Smith

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DESTROYERS

On this primeval strip of western land,
With purple bays and tongues of shining sand,
Time, like an echoing tide,
Moves drowsily in idle ebb and flow;
The sunshine slumbers in the tangled grass
And homely folk with simple greeting pass
As to their worship or their work they go.
Man, earth, and sea
Seem linked in elemental harmony
And my insurgent sorrow finds release
In dreams of peace.

But silent, gray,
Out of the curtained haze,
Across the bay
Two fierce destroyers glide with bows afoam
And predatory gaze,
Like cormorants that seek a submerged prey.
An angel of destruction guards the door
And keeps the peace of our ancestral home;
Freedom to dream, to work, and to adore,
These vagrant days, nights of untroubled breath,
Are bought with death.

Henry Head

OUTWARD BOUND

THERE's a waterfall I'm leaving
  Running down the rocks in foam,
There's a pool for which I'm grieving
  Near the water-ouzel's home,
And it's there that I'd be lying
  With the heather close at hand
And the curlews faintly crying
  'Mid the wastes of Cumberland.

While the midnight watch is winging
  Thoughts of other days arise,
I can hear the river singing
  Like the saints in Paradise;
I can see the water winking
  Like the merry eyes of Pan,
And the slow half-pounder sinking
  By the bridge's granite span.

Ah! to win them back and clamber
  Braced anew with winds I love,
From the river's stainless amber
  To the morning mist above,
See through cloud-rifts rent asunder,
  Like a painted scroll unfurled,
Ridge and hollow rolling under
  To the fringes of the world.

Now the weary guard are sleeping,
  Now the great propellers churn,
Now the harbour lights are creeping
  Into emptiness astern,

While the sentry wakes and watches
  Plunging triangles of light
Where the water leaps and catches
  At our escort in the night.

Great their happiness who seeing
  Still with unbenighted eyes
Kin of theirs who gave them being,
  Sun and earth that made them wise,
Die and feel their embers quicken
  Year by year in summer time,
When the cotton grasses thicken
  On the hills they used to climb.

Shall we also be as they be,
  Mingled with our mother clay,
Or return no more, it may be?
  Who has knowledge, who shall say?
Yet we hope that from the bosom
  Of our shaggy father Pan,
When the earth breaks into blossom
  Richer from the dust of man,

Though the high gods smite and slay us,
  Though we come not whence we go,
As the host of Menelaus
  Came there many years ago;
Yet the selfsame wind shall bear us
  From the same departing place
Out across the Gulf of Saros
  And the peaks of Samothrace:

We shall pass in summer weather,
  We shall come at eventide,

Where the fells stand up together
And all quiet things abide;
Mixed with cloud and wind and river,
Sun-distilled in dew and rain,
One with Cumberland for ever
We shall go not forth again.

Nowell Oxland

WATCHMEN OF THE NIGHT

Lords of the seas' great wilderness
The light-grey warships cut the wind;
The headland dwindles less and less;
The great waves, breaking, drench and blind
The stern-faced watcher on the deck,
While England fades into a speck.

Afar on that horizon grey
The sleepy homesteads one by one
Shine with their cheerful lights as day
Dies in the valley and is gone,
While the new moon comes o'er the hill
And floods the landscape, white and still.

But outward 'mid the homeless waste
The battle-fleet held on its way;
On either side the torn seas raced,
Over the bridge blew up the spray;
The quartermaster at the wheel
Steered through the night his ship of steel.

Once, from a masthead, blinked a light —
The Admiral spoke unto the Fleet;

Swift answers flashed along the night,
The eharthouse glimmered through the sleet;
A bell rang from the engine-room,
And, ere it eeased — the great guns' boom!

Then thunder through the silence broke
And rolled along the sullen deep;
A hundred guns flashed fire and spoke,
Which England heard not in her sleep
Nor dreamed of, while her fighting sons
Fed and fired the blazing guns.

Dawn broke in England, sweet and elear;
Birds in the brake, the lark in heaven
Made musieal the morning air;
But distant, shattered, scorehed and riven,
Gathered the ships — aye, dawn was well
After the night's dark, raging hell.

But some eame not with break of light,
Nor looked upon the saffron dawn;
They keep the wateh of endless Night,
On the soft breast of ocean borne.
O waking England, rise and pray
For sons who guard thee night and day!

Cecil Roberts

Scapa Flow, May, 1916

CAPTAINS ADVENTUROUS

Captains adventurous, from your ports of quiet,
From the ghostly harbours, where your sea-beat galleons lie,
Say, do your dreams go back across the sea-line
Where eliffs of England rise grey against the sky?

Say, do you dream of the pleasant ports of old-time —
  Orchards of old Devon, all afoam with snowy bloom?
Or have the mists that veil the Sea of Shadows
  Closed from your eyes all the memories of home?

Feet of the Captains hurry through the stillness,
  Ghostly sails of galleons are drifting to and fro,
Voices of mariners sound across the shadows,
  Waiting the word that shall bid them up and go.

"Lo, now," they say, "for the grey old Mother calls us,"
  (Listening to the thunder of the guns about her shore)
"Death shall not hold us, nor years that lie between us,
  Sail we to England to strike for her once more."

Captains adventurous, rest ye in your havens,
  Pipe your ghostly mariners to keep their watch below,
Sons of your sons are here to strike for England,
  Heirs of your glory — Beatty, Jellicoe.

Yet shall your names ring on in England's story,
  You who were the prophets of the mighty years to be,
Drake, Blake and Nelson, thundering down the ages,
  Captains adventurous, the Masters of the Sea.

Norah M. Holland

THE AIRMEN

TO THE WINGLESS VICTORY

A Prayer

Wingless Victory, whose shrine
  By the Parthenon
Glorified our youth divine,
  Hearken! — they are gone,
    The young eagles of our nest,
    They, the brightest, bravest, best,
      They are flown!

Lilies of France,
  When first they flew,
Led their lone advance
  Great heaven through;
    Now soar they, brood on brood,
    Like stars for multitude,
      To France! France!

Save thou the golden flight
  That wakes the morn,
And dares the azure height,
  The tempests scorn!

Save them o'er land and sea,
  In deeps of air!
Thy grace, where'er they be
  Ensphere them there!

Save them, the country's pride,
  Our winged youth!

And where they fall enskied,
Save thou the truth!
O Wingless Victory!

George Edward Woodberry

LETTER TO AN AVIATOR IN FRANCE

A SLOPE of summer sprinkled over
With sweet tow-headed pigmy clover
Melts suddenly to emerald air
Between the moving leaves: for where
The terrace plunges noiselessly,
A woven wall of appletree
(Bearing instead of apples now
The redwinged blackbird on the bough,)
Enchants the lawn of sun-stained green
To seem as though it had not been.
From where I sit, no roots are there
Nor gnarly trunks show anywhere:
Only the thick-leaved upper boughs
Close-clustered for the robin's house.
And tall above them up the sky
The clear lake quivers like some high
Wind-ruffled huge crystalline tree
Whose roots like theirs are hid from me.
It must have light and air and room,
With clouds for leaves and hills for bloom,
Those pale blue hills that flower along
The living branches wild and strong —
I hear you laugh and say:

"*Why make*
A tree of crystal from the lake?
Of course you may if you prefer

Shape forests out of lake-water,
Great stems of sapphire, shedding light!
I understand you. It 's all right.
But since you are in fantastic mood,
Build me a shelter in that wood
To keep June sounds and colors in,
And shut out the infernal din
Of war my ears have heard and heard
Until no meaning lights the word!"
Well, when it's done and you come home,
Lift up the latch of gilded foam
And enter the transparent door
And cross the grooved and shining floor
Of a new house I'm building, sir,
Of foam and wind on lake-water,
With walls intangible about
The inner rooms, to keep war out!

But this is nonsense. I have lost
My whim. Your laugh recalled has cost
So many Spanish castles, dear!
And I confess there's no tree here
Heaven-tall, with hills upon its boughs,
No sheltering sunlight-raftered house,
But only water wide and bare,
And distant shore and empty air,
And far away across the world
A proud enduring flag unfurled.

Yet you and I could never live
But for the respite that dreams give.
Your letters have their intervals,
Their hints of magic: a bird calls

Or a strange cloud goes by. You hear
Music unknown to mortal ear,
And as you said in other days,
"Last night I dreamed" your message says.
So in the end, I scorn your laughter,
Lord of my secret thoughts! And after
War will come peace, you'll not deny,
And wider light for dreaming by.
Now, let's pretend as children do:
It is my way of reaching you.
Blue Vermont hills we'll say, are fruit
Which I may pluck, when it shall suit
My mood, and send like grapes to you,
All honey-rich and webbed with dew,
Packed in their cloudy leaves and cool
Of color like a twilight pool.
And if you've wandered past the sky
On some new errand, comrade, I
Shall climb the tree the fruit grew on
To see which road it is you've gone.
How shall I plan to overtake
Those wings of yours? And I must make
In time to welcome you, a proud
White castle of some mountain cloud —
But no more now. . . . The old clock clangs
Somewhere within. A veery hangs
Small golden wreaths along the alder,
And mother Robin's babies called her
Just now from their leaf-hidden room,
And sunset roses are in bloom.

Grace Hazard Conkling

Lake Champlain, June, 1918

TO A CANADIAN AVIATOR WHO DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY IN FRANCE

Tossed like a falcon from the hunter's wrist,
A sweeping plunge, a sudden shattering noise,
And thou hast dared, with a long spiral twist,
The elastic stairway to the rising sun.
Peril below thee, and above, peril
Within thy car; but peril cannot daunt
Thy peerless heart: gathering wing and poise,
Thy plane transfigured, and thy motor-chant
Subdued to a whisper — then a silence, —
And thou art but a disembodied venture
In the void.

But Death, who has learned to fly,
Still matchless when his work is to be done,
Met thee between the armies and the sun;
Thy speck of shadow faltered in the sky;
Then thy dead engine and thy broken wings
Drooped through the arc and passed in fire,
A wreath of smoke — a breathless exhalation.
But ere that came a vision sealed thine eyes,
Lulling thy senses with oblivion;
And from its sliding station in the skies
Thy dauntless soul upward in circles soared
To the sublime and purest radiance whence it sprang.

In all their eyries eagles shall mourn thy fate,
And leaving on the lonely crags and scaurs
Their unprotected young, shall congregate
High in the tenuous heaven and anger the sun
With screams, and with a wild audacity

Dare all the battle danger of thy flight;
Till weary with combat one shall desert the light,
Fall like a bolt of thunder and check his fall
On the high ledge, smoky with mist and cloud,
Where his neglected eaglets shriek aloud,
And drawing the film across his sovereign sight
Shall dream of thy swift soul immortal
Mounting in circles, faithful beyond death.

Duncan Campbell Scott

CAPTAIN GUYNEMER

What high adventure, in what world afar,
Follows to-day,
Mid ampler air,
Heroic Guynemer?
What star,
Of all the myriad planets of our night,
Is by his glowing presence made more bright
Who chose the Dangerous way,
Scorning, while brave men died, ignobly safe to stay?

Into the unknown Vast,
Where few could follow him, he passed, —
On to the gate — the shadowy gate —
Of the Forbidden,
Seeking the knowledge jealous Fate
Had still so carefully from mortals hidden.

With vision falcon-keen,
His eyes beheld what others had not seen,
And his soul, with as clear a gaze,
Pierced through each clouded maze
Straight to the burning heart of things, and knew
The lying from the true.

A dweller in Immensity,
Of naught afraid,
He saw the havoc Tyranny had made, —
Saw the relentless tide of War's advance,
And high of heart and free,
Vowed his young life to Liberty —
And France!

O Compiègne! be proud of him — thy son, —
The greatest of the eagle brood, —
Who with intrepid soul the foe withstood,
And rests, his victories won!
Mourn not uncomforted, but rather say: —
His wings were broken, but he led the way
Where myriad stronger wings shall follow;
For Wrong shall not hold lasting sway,
To break the World's heart, nor betray
With cruel pledges hollow!

To us the battle draweth near.
We dedicate ourselves again,
Remembering, O Compiègne!
Thy Charioteer —
Thy peerless one, who died to make men free,
And in Man's grateful heart shall live immortally!

Florence Earle Coates

SEARCHLIGHTS

You who have seen across the star-decked skies
The long white arms of searchlights slowly sweep,
Have you imagined what it is to creep
High in the darkness, cold and terror-wise,

For ever looked for by those cruel eyes
  Which search with far-flung beams the shadowy deep,
  And near the wings unending vigil keep
To haunt the lonely airman as he flies?

Have you imagined what it is to know
  That if *one* finds you *all* their fierce desire
To see you fall will dog you as you go,
  High in a sea of light and bursting fire,
Like some small bird, lit up and blinding white,
Which slowly moves across the shell-torn night?

Paul Bewsher

THE WOUNDED

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Fool that I was! my heart was sore,
Yea, sick for the myriad wounded men,
The maim'd in the war: I had grief for each one:
And I came in the gay September sun
To the open smile of Trafalgar Square,
Where many a lad with a limb foredone
Loll'd by the lion-guarded column
That holdeth Nelson statued thereon
Upright in the air.

The Parliament towers, and the Abbey towers,
The white Horseguards and grey Whitehall,
He looketh on all,
Past Somerset House and the river's bend
To the pillar'd dome of St. Paul,
That slumbers, confessing God's solemn blessing
On Britain's glory, to keep it ours —
While children true her prowess renew
And throng from the ends of the earth to defend
Freedom and honour — till Earth shall end.

The gentle unjealous Shakespeare, I trow,
In his country grave of peaceful fame
Must feel exiled from life and glow,
If he thinks of this man with his warrior claim,
Who looketh on London as if 't were his own,
As he standeth in stone, aloft and alone,
Sailing the sky, with one arm and one eye.

Robert Bridges

October, 1917

CONVALESCENCE

From out the dragging vastness of the sea,
Wave-fettered, bound in sinuous seaweed strands,
He toils toward the rounding beach, and stands
One moment, white and dripping, silently,
Cut like a cameo in lazuli,
Then falls, betrayed by shifting shells, and lands
Prone in the jeering water, and his hands
Clutch for support where no support can be.
So up, and down, and forward, inch by inch,
He gains upon the shore, where poppies glow
And sandflies dance their little lives away.
The sucking waves retard, and tighter clinch
The weeds about him, but the land-winds blow,
And in the sky there blooms the sun of May.

Amy Lowell

GASSED

He is blind and nevermore
Shall the shining earth entrance
Him, whose life once lay before
Ardour like a bright romance;
But another world is given
Youth thus robbed of half a heaven.

His companions do not speak
When they would accost him: they
Need but touch his hand or cheek,
Then the sightless eyes survey
Love with love, which apprehends
Instantly compassionate friends.

In each several kindly hand
Lies a warm identity:
Blind folk see and understand
Those whom they may never see,
And the deaf may hear Love's word
Uttered, though it be unheard.

When he walks about the streets
Every house means much to him;
Every wayfarer he meets
Modest-faced or proudly prim —
He divines: each rolling wheel's
Movement in the town he feels.

Eden's gates to him are closed,
Yet new portals open wide,
Whence rare prospects are exposed;
These he visions open-eyed,
When imagination thrills
As he faces woods and hills.

Every breath of air that stirs
Has a meaning: every leaf,
Touched by him, responds; the firs
Breathe a recompense for grief,
And the grasses whisper, too,
Words he does not misconstrue.

Few can hear the clover's voice
As he hears it: few are those
Who so thrillingly rejoice
When the gillyflowers disclose

Secrets that mean life to one
Robbed of stars, though not of sun.

Touch becomes his very soul,
Giving sense of sound with sight:
He is ravaged yet made whole
Even in black fate's despite:
Look! He carries sad renown
As an emperor wears a crown!

Deaf and blind! Yet he will know
When old enemies cross his path;
For the devil-prompted foe,
Who inspired his quenchless wrath,
With incredible torment, gave
Gifts that make him more than brave.

Rowland Thirlmere

INVALIDED

He limps along the city street,
Men pass him with a pitying glance;
He is not there, but on the sweet
And troubled plains of France.

Once more he marches with the guns,
Reading the way by merry signs,
His Regent Street through trenches runs,
His Strand among the pines.

For there his comrades jest and fight,
And others sleep in that fair land;

They call him back in dreams of night
To join their dwindling band.

He may not go; on him must lie
The doom, through peaceful years to live,
To have a sword he cannot ply,
A life he cannot give.

Edward Shillito

THE RED CROSS NURSE

The battle-smoke still fouled the day,
With bright disaster flaming through;
Unchecked, absorbed, she held her way —
The whispering death still past her flew.

A cross of red was on her sleeve;
And here she stayed, the wound to bind,
And there, the fighting soul relieve,
That strove its Unknown Peace to find.

A cross of red . . . yet one has dreamed
Of her he loved and left in tears;
But unto dying sight she seemed
A visitant from other spheres.

The whispering death — it nearer drew,
It holds her heart in strict arrest . . .
And where was one, are crosses two —
A crimson cross is on her breast!

Edith M. Thomas

THE FALLEN

HIC JACET
QUI IN HOC SAECULO FIDELITER MILITAVIT

He that has left hereunder
The signs of his release
Feared not the battle's thunder
Nor hoped that wars should cease;
No hatred set asunder
His warfare from his peace.

Nor feared he in his sleeping
To dream his work undone,
To hear the heathen sweeping
Over the lands he won;
For he has left in keeping
His sword unto his son.

Henry Newbolt

LAMENT

We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun, or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly, and spent
Their all for us, loved, too, the sun and rain?

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings —
But we, how shall we turn to little things
And listen to the birds and winds and streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

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In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the day afar:
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward, till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

John McCrae

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

God, I am travelling out to death's sea,
I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter,
Thought not of dying — death is such waste of me!
Grant me one comfort: Leave not the hereafter
Of mankind to war, as though I had died not —
I, who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,
Shouted and sang — life in my pulses hot
Throbbing and dancing! Let not my sinking
In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing!
God, let me know it the end of man's fever!
Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying
Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills, for ever!

John Galsworthy

[From *A Sheaf*. Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

A HARROW GRAVE IN FLANDERS

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,
He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn, —
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day;

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.

Crewe

RIDDLES, R.F.C.[1]

(1916)

He was a boy of April beauty; one
Who had not tried the world; who, while the sun
Flamed yet upon the eastern sky, was done.

Time would have brought him in her patient ways —
So his young beauty spoke — to prosperous days,
To fulness of authority and praise.

He would not wait so long. A boy, he spent
His boy's dear life for England. Be content:
No honour of age had been more excellent.

John Drinkwater

[1] Lieutenant S. G. Ridley, Royal Flying Corps, sacrificed his life in the Egyptian desert in an attempt to save a comrade. He was twenty years of age.

THE DEAD

When you see millions of the mouthless dead
Across your dreams in pale battalions go,
Say not soft things as other men have said,
That you'll remember. For you need not so.
Give them not praise. For, deaf, how should they know
It is not curses heaped on each gashed head?
Nor tears. Their blind eyes see not your tears flow.
Nor honour. It is easy to be dead.
Say only this, "They are dead." Then add thereto,
"Yet many a better one has died before."
Then, scanning all the o'ercrowded mass, should you
Perceive one face that you loved heretofore,
It is a spook. None wears the face you knew.
Great death has made all his for evermore.

Charles Hamilton Sorley

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD

I dreamed that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue, or pain;

Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes —.
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod —
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these angled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by —

Look upward, standing mute;
Salute!

Barry Pain

THE SPECTRAL ARMY

I DREAM that on far heaven's steep
To-night Christ lets me stand by Him
To see the many million ghosts
Tramp up Death's highway, wide and dim.

The young are older than the old,
Their eyes are strained, their faces gray
With horror's twilight dropped too soon
Upon a scarcely opened day.

The guns move light as carven mist,
The weary footsteps make no sound,
As up the never-ending hill
They come on their last death-march bound.

Their heads are lifted. As they pass
They look at Christ's red wounds, and smile
In gallant comradeship: they know
Golgotha's terrible defile.

They too have drained a bitter gall,
Heart's Calvary they know full well,
And every man, or old or young,
Has stared into the deeps of Hell.

Yet brave and gay that spectral host
Goes by. Like Christ, on bloody sod
They gladly paid a price, like Him
They left the Reckoning to God.

G. O. Warren

TO A DOG

Past happiness dissolves. It fades away,
Ghost-like, in that dim attic of the mind
To which the dreams of childhood are consigned.
Here, withered garlands hang in slow decay,
And trophies glimmer in the dying ray
Of stars that once with heavenly glory shined.

But you, old friend, are you still left behind
To tell the nearness of life's yesterday?

Ah, boon companion of my vanished boy,
For you he lives; in every sylvan walk
He waits; and you expect him everywhere.
How would you stir, what cries, what bounds of joy,
If but his voice were heard in casual talk,
If but his footstep sounded on the stair!

John Jay Chapman

FOR FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

(Killed in action July 31, 1917)

You fell; and on a distant field, shell-shatter'd,
Soaked with blood; while, in your dying, Erin
Knew naught of you, nor folded you for rest.
You will not sleep beneath a mound where kings
Were coffin'd long ago in carven stone
And dream in peace amid an emerald land
Of many memories and swift-wing'd song.
And yet I think that you are not forgotten;
For even in the Irish air there will be
Somewhat of you; in the wide beam of sunlight
Streaming athwart the mountain to the fields
Furrowed and brown, where languid rooks, and gulls
With their sharp crying, circle, or sit and sun
Themselves. The song of birds shall speak of you:
The blackbird chirping cheerily of spring,
When hawthorn blows and gorse runs through the hedge;
The lark lost in the morning; and the stream
Sparkling, or dark with pools, where salmon leap.

You will not be forgotten; for your songs
Have brought the beauty of the Irish land
To many dimming eyes and homesick hearts.
Poet and Soldier, could your land forget?
For you each morning shall her fields be wet.

Norreys Jephson O'Conor

THE LAST HERO

We laid him to rest with tenderness;
Homeward we turned in the twilight's gold;
We thought in ourselves with dumb distress —
All the story of earth is told.

A beautiful word at the last was said:
A great deep heart like the hearts of old
Went forth; and the speaker had lost the thread,
Or all the story of earth was told.

The dust hung over the pale dry ways
Dizzily fired with the twilight's gold,
And a bitter remembrance blew in each face
How all the story of earth was told.

A. E.

RUPERT BROOKE [1]

I

Your face was lifted to the golden sky
Ablaze beyond the black roofs of the square
As flame on flame leapt, flourishing in air
Its tumult of red stars exultantly

[1] Copyright by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson in the United States of America, April, 1916.

To the cold constellations dim and high:
  And as we neared the roaring ruddy flare
  Kindled to gold your throat and brow and hair
Until you burned, a flame of ecstasy.

The golden head goes down into the night
  Quenched in cold gloom — and yet again you stand
Beside me now with lifted face alight,
  As, flame to flame, and fire to fire you burn . . .
  Then, recollecting, laughingly you turn,
And look into my eyes and take my hand.

II

Once in my garret — you being far away
  Tramping the hills and breathing upland air,
  Or so I fancied — brooding in my chair,
I watched the London sunshine feeble and grey
Dapple my desk, too tired to labour more,
  When, looking up, I saw you standing there
  Although I'd caught no footstep on the stair,
Like sudden April at my open door.

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
  Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
That, if I listen very quietly,
  Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair
  And see you, standing with your angel air,
Fresh from the uplands of eternity.

III

Your eyes rejoiced in colour's ecstasy,
  Fulfilling even their uttermost desire,
When, over a great sunlit field afire
With windy poppies streaming like a sea

Of scarlet flame that flaunted riotously
  Among green orchards of that western shire,
  You gazed as though your heart could never tire
Of life's red flood in summer revelry.

And as I watched you, little thought had I
  How soon beneath the dim low-drifting sky
Your soul should wander down the darkling way,
  With eyes that peer a little wistfully,
  Half-glad, half-sad, remembering, as they see
Lethean poppies, shrivelling ashen grey.

IV

October chestnuts showered their perishing gold
  Over us as beside the stream we lay
  In the Old Vicarage garden that blue day,
Talking of verse and all the manifold
Delights a little net of words may hold,
  While in the sunlight water-voles at play
  Dived under a trailing crimson bramble-spray,
And walnuts thudded ripe on soft black mould.

Your soul goes down unto a darker stream
  Alone, O friend, yet even in death's deep night
Your eyes may grow accustomed to the dark
  And Styx for you may have the ripple and gleam
Of your familiar river, and Charon's bark
Tarry by that old garden of your delight.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

TO RUPERT BROOKE

Though we, a happy few,
Indubitably knew
That from the purple came
This poet of pure flame,

The world first saw his light
Flash on an evil night,
And heard his song from far
Above the drone of war.

Out of the primal dark
He leapt, like lyric lark,
Singing his aubade strain;
Then fell to earth again.

We garner all he gave,
And on his hero grave,
For love and honour strew,
Rosemary, myrtle, rue.

Son of the Morning, we
Had kept you thankfully;
But yours the asphodel:
Hail, singer, and farewell!

Eden Phillpotts

[From *Plain Song, 1914–1916*. Reprinted by permission of William Heinemann, London; and The Macmillan Company, New York.]

TO THE MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER

Born June 24, 1850. Died on service June 5, 1916.

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Soldier of England, you who served her well
And in that service, silent and apart,
Achieved a name that never lost its spell
Over your country's heart; —

Who saw your work accomplished ere at length
  Shadows of evening fell, and creeping Time
Had bent your stature or resolved the strength
  That kept its manhood prime; —

Great was your life, and great the end you made,
  As through the plunging seas that whelmed
    your head
Your spirit passed, unconquered, unafraid,
  To join the gallant dead.

But not by death that spell could pass away
  That fixed our gaze upon the far-off goal,
Who, by your magic, stand in arms to-day
  A nation one and whole,

Now doubly pledged to bring your vision true
  Of darkness vanquished and the dawn set free
In that full triumph which your faith foreknew
  But might not live to see.

Owen Seaman

KITCHENER'S MARCH

Not the muffled drums for him
  Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
  Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
  Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
  Take the field again!

Of his patience, of his calm,
  Of his quiet faithfulness,

England, build your hero's cairn!
  He was worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
  Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
  Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
  For the mighty sea to keep.
There's a spirit cannot die
  While one heart is left to leap
In the land he gave his all,
  Steel-like to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent —
  Death has struck too late.

Not the muffled drums for him
  Nor the wailing of the fife —
Trumpets blaring to the charge
  Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
  Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
  Take the field again!

Amelia Josephine Burr

[From *Life and Living*. Copyright, 1917, by George H. Doran Company.]

EDITH CAVELL

THE world hath its own dead; great motions start
  In human breasts, and make for them a place
  In that hushed sanctuary of the race
Where every day men come, kneel, and depart.

Of them, O English nurse, henceforth thou art,
A name to pray on, and to all a face
Of household consecration; such His grace
Whose universal dwelling is the heart.

O gentle hands that soothed the soldier's brow,
And knew no service save of Christ the Lord!
Thy country now is all humanity!
How like a flower thy womanhood doth show
In the harsh scything of the German sword,
And beautifies the world that saw it die!

George Edward Woodberry

BEFORE MARCHING, AND AFTER

(In Memoriam: F. W. G.)

Orion swung southward aslant
Where the starved Egdon pine-trees had thinned,
The Pleiads aloft seemed to pant
With the heather that twitched in the wind;
But he looked on indifferent to sights such as these,
Unswayed by love, friendship, home joy or home sorrow,
And wondered to what he would march on the morrow.

The crazed household clock with its whirr
Rang midnight within as he stood,
He heard the low sighing of her
Who had striven from his birth for his good;
But he still only asked the spring starlight, the breeze,

What great thing or small thing his history would borrow
From that Game with Death he would play on the morrow.

When the heath wore the robe of late summer,
And the fuchsia-bells, hot in the sun,
Hung red by the door, a quick comer
Brought tidings that marching was done
For him who had joined in that game overseas
Where Death stood to win; though his memory would borrow
A brightness therefrom not to die on the morrow.

Thomas Hardy

September, 1915

TO OUR DEAD

Sleep well, heroic souls, in silence sleep,
Lapped in the circling arms of kindly death!
No ill can vex your slumbers, no foul breath
Of slander, hate, derision mar the deep
Repose that holds you close. Your kinsmen reap
The harvest you have sown, while each man saith
"So would I choose, when danger threateneth,
Let my death be as theirs." We dare not weep.

For you have scaled the starry heights of fame,
Nor ever shrunk from peril and distress
In fight undaunted for the conqueror's prize;
Therefore your death, engirt with loveliness
Of simple service done for England's name,
Shall shine like beacon-stars of sacrifice.

W. L. Courtney

TELLING THE BEES

(An Old Gloucestershire Superstition)

They dug no grave for our soldier lad, who fought and
who died out there:
Bugle and drum for him were dumb, and the padre
said no prayer;
The passing bell gave never a peal to warn that a soul
was fled,
And we laid him not in the quiet spot where cluster
his kin that are dead.

But I hear a foot on the pathway, above the low hum
of the hive,
That at edge of dark, with the song of the lark, tells
that the world is alive:
The master starts on his errand, his tread is heavy
and slow,
Yet he cannot choose but tell the news — the bees
have a right to know.

Bound by the ties of a happier day, they are one with
us now in our worst;
On the very morn that my boy was born they were
told the tidings the first:
With what pride they will hear of the end he made,
and the ordeal that he trod —
Of the scream of shell, and the venom of hell, and the
flame of the sword of God.

Wise little heralds, tell of my boy; in your golden
tabard coats
Tell the bank where he slept, and the stream he leapt,
where the spangled lily floats:

The tree he climbed shall lift her head, and the torrent
he swam shall thrill,
And the tempest that bore his shouts before shall cry
his message still.

G. E. Rees

THE HOUSE OF DEATH

Surely the Keeper of the House of Death
Had long grown weary of letting in the old —
Of welcoming the aged, the short of breath,
Sad spirits, duller than their tales oft-told.
He must have longed to gather in the gold
Of shining youth to deck his dreary spaces —
To hear no more old wail and sorrowing.
And now he has his wish, and the young faces
Are crowding in: and laughter fills Death's places;
And all his courts are gay with flowers of Spring.

A. T. Nankivell

GERVAIS

(Killed at the Dardenelles)

Bees hummed and rooks called hoarsely outside the
quiet room
Where by an open window Gervais, the restless boy,
Fretting the while for cricket, read of Patroclos' doom
And flower of youth a-dying by far-off windy Troy.

Do the old tales, half-remembered, come back to haunt
him now
Who leaving his glad school-days and putting boy-
hood by

Joined England's bitter Iliad? Greek beauty on the
brow
That frowns with dying wonder up to Hissarlik's sky!

Margaret Adelaide Wilson

THE DEAD

I FEARED the lonely dead, so old were they,
Decrepit, tired beings, ghastly white,
With withered breasts and eyes devoid of sight,
Forever mute beneath the sodden clay;
I feared the lonely dead, and turned away
From thoughts of sombre death and endless night;
Thus, through the dismal hours I longed for light
To drive my utter hopelessness away.

But now my nights are filled with flowered dreams
Of singing warriors, beautiful and young;
Strong men and boys within whose eyes there gleams
The triumph-song of worlds unknown, unsung;
Grim death has vanished, leaving in its stead
The shining glory of the living dead.

Sigourney Thayer

TO THE FALLEN

OUT of the flame-scarred night one came to me
And whispered, "He is dead." . . . But I, who find
Thy resurrection in each noble mind,
Thy soul in every deed of chivalry,
I can but think, while lives nobility,
While honour lights a path for humankind,
While aught is beautiful, or aught enshrined,
Death hath o'ertaken but not conquered thee.

Until all loveliness shall pass away,
Until the darkness dies no more in dawn,
Until the lustre of the stars is shed,
Till no dream mocks the madness of the fray,
Till love has learnt to leer and pride to fawn,
Till heaven is sunk in hell — thou art not dead.

Claude Houghton

SPORTSMEN IN PARADISE

They left the fury of the fight,
And they were very tired.
The gates of Heaven were open quite,
Unguarded and unwired.
There was no sound of any gun,
The land was still and green;
Wide hills lay silent in the sun,
Blue valleys slept between.

They saw far off a little wood
Stand up against the sky.
Knee-deep in grass a great tree stood . . .
Some lazy cows went by . . .
There were some rooks sailed overhead,
And once a church-bell pealed.
"*God! but it's England,*" someone said,
"*And there's a cricket-field!*"

T. P. Cameron Wilson

THE DEAD

The dead are with us everywhere,
By night and day;
No street we tread but they have wandered there

Who now lie still beneath the grass
Of some shell-scarred and distant plain,
Beyond the fear of death, beyond all pain.
And in the silence you can hear their noiseless footsteps pass —
The dead are with us always, night and day.

Where once the sound of mirth would rouse
The sleeping town,
The laughter has died out from house to house;
And where through open windows late
At night would float delightful song,
And glad-souled music from the light-heart revelthrong,
In quadrangle and street the windows darkly wait
For those who cannot wake the sleeping town.

This city once a bride to all
Who entered here,
A lover magical who had in thrall
The souls of those who once might know
Her kiss upon their lips and brow —
A golden, laughter-hearted lover then, but now
A mother gray, who sees Death darken as they go,
Son after son of those who entered there.

Yet sometimes at the dead of night
I see them come —
The darkness is suffused with a great light
From that radiant, countless host:
No face but is triumphant there,
A flaming crown of youth imperishable they wear.

A thousand years that passed have gained what we
to-day have lost,
The splendour of their sacrifice for years to come.
A. E. Murray

TO A CANADIAN LAD, KILLED IN THE WAR

O NOBLE youth that held our honour in keeping,
And bore it sacred through the battle flame,
How shall we give full measure of acclaim
To thy sharp labour, thy immortal reaping?
For though we sowed with doubtful hands, half sleeping,
Thou in thy vivid pride hast reaped a nation,
And brought it in with shouts and exultation,
With drums and trumpets, with flags flashing and leaping.

Let us bring pungent wreaths of balsam, and tender
Tendrils of wild-flowers, lovelier for thy daring,
And deck a sylvan shrine, where the maple parts
The moonlight, with lilac bloom, and the splendour
Of suns unwearied; all unwithered wearing
Thy valour stainless in our heart of hearts.
Duncan Campbell Scott

TO SOME WHO HAVE FALLEN

SPRING is God's season; may you see His Spring
Somewhere, the larch and ash buds burgeoning,
Round catkin tassels and the blossomed spine
Of blackthorn, and the golden celandine,

And little rainwashed violet leaves unfurled
To deck young April in another world.

We cannot know how much a dead man hears,
What awful music of the distant spheres,
But you may linger still, you may not be
Too far from us to share the ecstasy
Of all the larks that nest upon our hills,
Or miss the flowering of the daffodils.

Since if, as some folks say, ourselves do make
Our Heaven, yours will hold, for old times' sake,
The farms and orchards that you left behind,
Steep lichened roofs, and rutted lanes that wind
Through green lush meadows up from Wealden towns
To the bare beauty of our Sussex Downs.

Moray Dalton

THE SILENT TOAST[1]

THEY stand with reverent faces,
And their merriment give o'er,
As they drink the toast to the unseen host
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment
In the midst of the feast and song,
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet
And the brilliant lights around;

[1] At our banquets at the front the toast to the Dead was drunk in silence. It was naturally a very impressive moment.

But they charge again on the hideous plain
When the shell-bursts rip the ground.

Or they creep at night, like panthers,
Through the waste of No Man's Land,
Their hearts afire with a wild desire,
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with rain,
Some face comes back on the fiery track
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,
And the bonds that are forged by death,
Now grip the soul with a strange control
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,
Once more the tables shine,
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall
Are lit with a light divine.

Frederick George Scott

Vimy Ridge, April, 1917

FALLEN

We talked together in the days gone by
Of life and of adventure still to come,
We saw a crowded future, you and I,
And at its close two travellers come home,
Full of experience, wise, content to rest,
Having faced life and put it to the test.

Already we had seen blue skies grow bleak,
And learned the fickleness of fate, firsthand;
We knew each goal meant some new goal to seek,
Accepting facts we could n't understand;
You seemed equipped for life's most venturous way —
Death closed the gallant morning of your day.

Oh, many a one still watching others go
Might fall, and leave no such heart-sickening gap.
What waste, what pity 't seems to squander so
Courage that dared whatever ill might hap,
While laggards, fearful both of worst and best,
Hoard up the life you hazarded with zest!

It seems like waste to others, but to you
And the thronged heroes who have paid the price,
Yourselves, your hopes, and all you dreamed and knew,
Were counted as a puny sacrifice —
You knew, with keener judgment, all was gained,
If honour at the last shone still unstained!

W. Kersley Holmes

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

"Somewhere in France" — we know not where
— he lies,
Mid shuddering earth and under anguished skies!
We may not visit him, but this we say:
Though our steps err, his shall not miss their way.
From the exhaustion of War's fierce embrace
He, nothing doubting, went to his own place.
To him has come, if not the crown and palm,
The kiss of Peace — a vast, sufficing calm!

So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene, —
He may not, surely, lapse from what has been:
Greater, not less, his wondering mind must be;
Ampler the splendid vision he must see.
'T is unbelievable he fades away, —
An exhalation at the dawn of day!

Nor dare we deem that he has but returned
Into the Oversoul, to be discerned
Hereafter in the bosom of the rose,
In petal of the lily, or in those
Far jewelled sunset skies that glow and pale,
Or in the rich note of the nightingale.
Nay, though all beauty may recall to mind
What we in his fair life were wont to find,
He shall escape absorption, and shall still
Preserve a faculty to know and will.
Such is my hope, slow climbing to a faith:
(We know not Life, how should we then know Death?)
From our small limits and withholdings free,
Somewhere he dwells and keeps high company;
Yet tainted not with so supreme a bliss
As to forget he knew a world like this.

John Hogben

TO TONY (AGED 3)

(In memory T. P. C. W.)

Gemmed with white daisies was the great green
world
Your restless feet have pressed this long day through—
Come now and let me whisper to your dreams
A little song grown from my love for you.

There was a man once loved green fields like you,
He drew his knowledge from the wild birds' songs;
And he had praise for every beauteous thing,
And he had pity for all piteous wrongs. . . .

A lover of earth's forests — of her hills,
And brother to her sunlight — to her rain —
Man, with a boy's fresh wonder. He was great
With greatness all too simple to explain.

He was a dreamer and a poet, and brave
To face and hold what he alone found true.
He was a comrade of the old — a friend
To every little laughing child like you.

. . . . . .

And when across the peaceful English land,
Unhurt by war, the light is growing dim,
And you remember by your shadowed bed
All those — the brave — you must remember him,

And know it was for you who bear his name
And such as you that all his joy he gave —
His love of quiet fields, his youth, his life,
To win that heritage of peace you have.

Marjorie Wilson

TO MY GODSON

THEY shall come back through Heaven's bars
When June has filled the world with joy,
And you are seeking playmates, boy,
To share your Kingdom of the stars;

Or part with you the bracken fronds
Where golden armoured knights may ride,
Or learn where baby rabbits hide,
Or dabble in the silver ponds.

O all the pipes of fairyland
Shall give you royal welcoming
And all the fairy bells shall ring
And you will wander hand in hand.
But through the music gay and sweet
That fairies teach their chosen ones
Shall sound an echo of the guns
And high ambition's drum will beat.

For they who died lest all that's good
And beautiful and brave and free
Should sink in Hell's obscurity,
These claim you in a Brotherhood.
The lot is fallen, O child, to you
To finish all they had to leave,
And by their sacrifice achieve
The manifold desires they knew.

And you shall feel their ardour burn
Like flaming fires within your heart,
In all your life they'll have a part
And all their secrets you shall learn.
They would have guided your young feet,
Kind, but so far from boyhood's day,
But death has found a surer way
Of making comradeship complete.

O all the pipes of fairyland
Shall play for you, shall play for them,

Their flame of radiant life will stem,
Evil you scarce could understand.
They'll bid you raise your wondering eyes,
Till, far above you, you shall see
The Beauty that they knew might be,
Calling you from the starlit skies.

Mildred Huxley

NEW HEAVEN

Paradise now has many a Knight,
Many a lordkin, many lords,
Glimmer of armour, dinted and bright,
The young Knights have put on new swords.

Some have barely the down on the lip,
Smiling yet from the new-won spurs,
Their wounds are rubies, glowing and deep,
Their scars amethyst — glorious scars.

Michael's army hath many new men,
Gravest Knights that may sit in stall,
Kings and Captains, a shining train,
But the little young Knights are dearest of all.

Paradise now is the soldiers' land,
Their own country its shining sod,
Comrades all in a merry band;
And the young Knights' laughter pleaseth God.

Katharine Tynan

REVEILLÉ

In the place to which I go,
Better men than I have died.
Freeman friend and conscript foe,
Face to face and side by side,
In the shallow grave abide.

Melinite that seared their brains,
Gas that slew them in a snare,
War's inferno of strange pains,
What are these to them who share
That great boon of silence there?

When like blood the moon is red;
And a shadow hides the sun,
We shall wake, the so-long dead,
We shall know our quarrel done, —
Will God tell us who has won?

Ronald Lewis Carton

WOMEN AND THE WAR

THE CALL TO ARMS IN OUR STREET

THERE's a woman sobs her heart out,
With her head against the door,
For the man that's called to leave her,
— God have pity on the poor!
But it's beat, drums, beat,
While the lads march down the street,
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
Keep your tears until they go.

There's a crowd of little children
Who march along and shout,
For it's fine to play at soldiers
Now their fathers are called out.
So it's beat, drums, beat;
But who'll find them food to eat?
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
Ah! the children little know.

There's a mother who stands watching
For the last look of her son,
A worn poor widow woman,
And he her only one.
But it's beat, drums, beat,
Though God knows when we shall meet;
And it's blow, trumpets, blow:
We must smile and cheer them so.

There's a young girl who stands laughing,
For she thinks a war is grand,

And it's fine to see the lads pass,
And it's fine to hear the band.
So it's beat, drums, beat,
To the fall of many feet;
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
God go with you where you go!

Winifred M. Letts

THE ENDLESS ARMY

And the fathers of the children go out to that Endless Army, and come not again.

With folded hands beside the fire
Silent she muses. Scarlet flames
Leap from the ashes, then like bloom
Of briefest hour, faint and fade,
While secret, darker, grows the room.

. . . . . .

Dream-shielded from the changeful world
Upstairs the children lie asleep.
The gliding moonlight enters in,
Unearthly, reminiscent, still,
And touches sleeping brow and chin —

With magic art of light and shade
A strangeness carves upon their youth.
The moonbeams, lighter than a breath
Dream-stirred, have sculptured deep and pale
A less than life, a more than death.

Yet not alone the moonlight there,
For she who watched the ebbing fire
Leans breathlessly above the bed . . .
Her yearning eyes explore each face
To find once more her blesséd dead.

The reverent moonlight lays a veil
On hair grown silver 'neath her ray
And waits . . . Outside, the moaning trees
Are hung like harps in branching night,
Swept by the fingers of the breeze.

The wind, the Moon, and Memory . . .
Slow tears, and grief, and Life and Death . . .
'Mid that great company, asleep
The children lie in marble peace,
Unknowing who the vigil keep.

And always down the quiet road
A soundless tramp of ghostly feet . . .
Remembered, half-dreamt battle cry . . .
While past the house, beneath the trees
Dim regiments of shades march by.

G. O. Warren

THE MOTHER

Her boys are not shut out. They come
Homing like pigeons to her door,
Sure of her tender welcome home,
As many a time before.

Their bed is made so smooth and sweet,
The fire is lit, the table spread;
She has poured water for their feet,
That they be comforted.

As with a fluttering of wings
They are come home, come home to stay;
With all the bitter dreadful things
Forgot, clean washed away.

They are so glad to stay, so glad
They nestle to her gown's soft flow,
As in the loving times they had,
Long ago, long ago.

Oh, not like lonely ghosts in mist
Her boys come from the night and rain,
But to be clasped, but to be kissed,
And not go out again.

Katharine Tynan

THE DEVONSHIRE MOTHER

THE King have called the Devon lads and they be answering fine —
But shadows seem to bide this way, for all the sun do shine,
For there's Squire's son have gone for one, and Parson's son — and mine.

I mind the day mine went from me — the skies was all aglow —
The cows deep in our little lane was comin' home so slow —
"And don't ee never grieve yourself," he said, "because I go."

His arms were strong around me, then. He turned and went away —
I heard the little childer dear a-singin' at their play,
The meanin' of an aching heart is hid from such as they.

And scarce a day goes by but now I set my door ajar,
And watch the road that Jan went up the time he went
to war,
That when he'll come again to me I'll see him from
afar.

And in my chimney seat o' nights, when quiet grows
the farm,
I pray the Lord he be not cold whiles I have fire to
warm —
And give the mothers humble hearts whose boys are
kept from harm.

And then I take the Book and read before I seek my
rest,
Of how that other Son went forth (them parts I like
the best),
And left His mother lone for Him she'd cuddled to her
breast.

I like to think when nights were dark and Him at
prayer maybe,
Upon the gurt dark mountain side, or in His boat at sea,
He worried just a bit for her, who'd learnt Him at her
knee.

And maybe when He minds her ways, He will not let
Jan fall —
I'm thinkin' He will know my boy, with his dear ways
an' all —
With his tanned face, his eyes of blue, and he so
strappin' tall.

Marjorie Wilson

THE HEART-CRY

She turned the page of wounds and death
With trembling fingers. In a breath
The gladness of her life became
Naught but a memory and a name.

Farewell! Farewell! I might not share
The perils it was yours to dare.
Dauntless you fronted death: for me
Rests to face life as fearlessly.

F. W. Bourdillon

HOMES

The lamplight's shaded rose
On couch and chair and wall,
The drowsy book let fall,
The children's heads, bent close
In some deep argument,
The kitten, sleepy-curled,
Sure of our good intent,
The hearth-fire's crackling glow:
His step that crisps the snow,
His laughing kiss, wind-cold. . . .

Only the very old
Gifts that the night-star brings,
Dear homely evening-things,
Dear things of all the world,
And yet my throat locks tight. . . .

Somewhere far off I know
Are ashes on red snow
That were a home last night.

Margaret Widdemer

SONG

She goes all so softly,
Like a shadow on the hill,
A faint wind at twilight
That stirs, and is still.

She weaves her thoughts whitely,
Like doves in the air,
Though a gray mound in Flanders
Clouds all that was fair.

Edward J. O'Brien

SEED-TIME

Woman of the field, — by the sunset furrow,
Lone-faring woman, woman at the plough,
What of the harrow? — there so near their foreheads.
Can there be harvest, now?

"My one Belovéd sowed here his body;
Under the furrows that open so red.
All that come home now, have we for our children. —
They will be wanting bread."

Josephine Preston Peabody

MOTHER AND MATE

Lightly she slept, that splendid mother mine
Who faced death, undismayed, two hopeless years . . .
("Think of me sometimes, son, but not with tears
Lest my soul grieve," she writes. Oh, this divine
Unselfishness!) . . .

Her favourite print smiled down —
The stippled Cupid, Bartolozzi-brown —
Upon my sorrow. Fire-gleams, fitful, played
Among her playthings — Toby mugs and jade. . . .

And then I dreamed that — suddenly, strangely clear —
A voice I knew not, faltered at my ear:
"Courage!" . . . Your own dear voice, loved since, and known!

And now that she sleeps well, come times *her* voice
Whispers in day-dreams: "Courage, son! Rejoice
That, leaving you, I left you not alone."

Gilbert Frankau

PIERROT GOES TO WAR

In the sheltered garden, pale beneath the moon,
(Drenched with swaying fragrance, redolent with June!)
There, among the shadows, some one lingers yet —
Pierrot, the lover, parts from Pierrette.

Bugles, bugles, bugles, blaring down the wind,
Sound the flaming challenge — *Leave your dreams behind!*
Come away from shadows, turn your back on June —
Pierrot, go forward to face the golden noon!

In the muddy trenches, black and torn and still,
(How the charge swept over, to break against the hill!)
Huddled in the shadows, boyish figures lie —
They whom Death, saluting, called upon to die.

Bugles, ghostly bugles, whispering down the wind —
Dreams too soon are over, gardens left behind.
Only shadows linger, for love does not forget —
Pierrot goes forward — but what of Pierrette?

Gabrielle Elliot

October, 1917

GREY KNITTING

Something sings gently through the din of battle,
Something spreads very softly rim on rim,
And every soldier hears, at times, a murmur
Tender, incessant, — dim.

A tiny click of little wooden needles,
Elfin amid the gianthood of war;
Whispers of women, tireless and patient,
Who weave the web afar.

Whispers of women, tireless and patient,
"This is our heart's love," it would seem to say,
"Wrought with the ancient tools of our vocation,
Weave we the web of love from day to day."

And so each soldier, laughing, fighting, — dying
Under the alien skies, in his great hour,
May listen, in death's prescience all-enfolding,
And hear a fairy sound bloom like a flower —

I like to think that soldiers, gaily dying
For the white Christ on fields with shame sown deep,
May hear the tender song of women's needles,
As they fall fast asleep.

Katherine Hale

AT PARTING

It was sad weather when you went away,
Wind, and the rain was raining every day.
And all night long I heard in lonesome sleep
The water running under the bows of the ship,
All the dark night and till the dawning grey.

At Salonika it is golden weather.
Go light of heart, O child, light as a feather,
Valiant and full of laughter, free as air.
God is at Salonika — here and there
God and my heart are keeping watch together.

But O when you come back, though skies should weep,
The water running under the bows of the ship
Shall in my dreams make music exquisite
And all my happy sleep be drenched with it,
And you coming home, home through the hours of sleep.

Katharine Tynan

MISSING

Lord, how can he be dead?
For he stood there just this morn
With the live blood in his cheek
And the live light on his head?
Dost Thou remember, Lord, when he was born,
And all my heart went forth thy praise to seek,
(I, a creator even as Thou,) —
To force Thee to confess
The little, young, heart-breaking loveliness,
Like willow-buds in Spring, upon his brow?

Newest of unfledged things,
All perfect but the wings.
Master, I lit my tender candle-light
Straight at the living fire that rays abroad
From thy dread altar, God!
How should it end in night?

Lord, in my time of trouble, of tearing strife,
Even then I loved thy will, even then I knew
That nothing is so beautiful as life! . . .
Is not the world's great woe thine anguish too?
It hath not passed, thine hour,
Again Thou kneelest in the olive-wood.
The lands are drunk with sharp-set lust of power,
The kings are thirsting, and they pour thy blood.
But we, the mothers, we that found thy trace
Down terrible ways, that looked upon thy face
And are not dead — how should we doubt thy grace?

How many women in how many lands —
Almost I weep for them as for mine own —
That wait beside the desolate hearthstone!
Always before the embattled army stands
The horde of women like a phantom wall,
Barring the way with desperate, futile hands.
The first charge tramples them, the first of all!

Dost Thou remember, Lord, the hearts that prayed
As down the shouting village street they swung,
The beautiful fighting-men? The sunlight flung
His keen young face up like an unfleshed blade . . .
O God, so young!

Lord, hast Thou gone away?
Once more through all the worlds thy
touch I seek.
Lord, how can he be dead?
For he stood here just this day
With the live blood in his cheek,
And the live light on his head?
Lord, how can he be dead?

Beatrice W. Ravenel

PEACE

CLEAN HANDS

MAKE this thing plain to us, O LORD!
That not the triumph of the sword —
  Not that alone — can end the strife,
  But reformation of the life —
But full submission to Thy Word!

Not all the stream of blood outpoured
Can Peace — the Long-Desired — afford;
  Not tears of Mother, Maid or Wife . . .
    Make this thing plain!

We must root out our sins ignored,
By whatsoever name adored;
  Our secret sins, that, ever rife,
  Shrink from the operating knife;
Then shall we rise, renewed, restored . . .
    Make this thing plain!

Austin Dobson

PEACE

(NOVEMBER 11, 1918)

PEACE, battle-worn and starved, and gaunt and pale
Rises like mist upon a storm-swept shore.
Rises from out the blood-stained fields and bows her
    head,
Blessing the passionate dead
Who gladly died that she might live for evermore.

Unheeding generations come and go,
And careless men and women will forget,

Caught in the whirling loom whose tapestried To-day
Flings Yesterday away,
And covers up the crimsoned West whose sun has set,

But faithful ghosts, like shepherds, will return
To call the flocking shades and break with them
Love-bread, and Peace will strain them to her breast,
and weep,
And deathless vigil keep.
Yea, Peace, while worlds endure, will sing their
requiem.

G. O. Warren

AFTER THE WAR

After the war — I hear men ask — what then?
As though this rock-ribbed world, sculptured with fire,
And bastioned deep in the ethereal plan,
Can never be its morning self again
Because of this brief madness, man with man;
As though the laughing elements should tire,
The very seasons in their order reel;
As though indeed yon ghostly golden wheel
Of stars should cease from turning, or the moon
Befriend the night no more, or the wild rose
Forget the world, and June be no more June.

How many wars and long-forgotten woes
Unnumbered, nameless, made a like despair
In hearts long stilled; how many suns have set
On burning cities blackening the air, —
Yet dawn came dreaming back, her lashes wet
With dew, and daisies in her innocent hair.

Nor shall, for this, the soul's ascension pause,
Nor the sure evolution of the laws
That out of foulness lift the flower to sun,
And out of fury forge the evening star.

Deem not Love's building of the world undone —
Far Love's beginning was, her end is far;
By paths of fire and blood her feet must climb,
Seeking a loveliness she scarcely knows,
Whose meaning is beyond the reach of Time.

Richard Le Gallienne

WHEN IT IS FINISHED

When it is finished, Father, and we set
The war-stained buckler and the bright blade by,
Bid us remember then what bloody sweat,
What thorns, what agony,
Purchased our wreaths of harvest and ripe ears;
Whose empty hands, whose empty hearts, whose tears
In this Gethsemane
Ransomed the days to be.

We leave them to Thee, Saviour. We've no price,
No utmost treasure of the seas or lands,
No words, no deeds, to pay their sacrifice.
Only while England stands,
Their pearl, their pride, their altar, — not their grave, —
Bid us remember in what hours they gave
All that mankind may give
That we might live.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

REVEILLÉ

Ended the watches of the dark; oh hear the bugles blow —
The bugles blow Reveillé at the golden gates of morn;
A shudder moves the living East; the stars are burning low
Above the crystal cradle of a day that's newly born.
Arise ye slumbering legions; wake for honour and for right;
Awake, arise, ye myriad men, to faith and justice sworn;
High heaven's fires are flashing on the valley and the height,
And the bugles blow Reveillé at the golden gates of morn.
Within the holy of your hearts, oh hear the bugles blow —
The bugles blow Reveillé at the golden gates of morn,
And welcome with their clarion ineffable foreglow
Of a sunrise where the souls of men are being newly born.
Awake, arise, ye legions, to the challenge of the dead;
Arise, awake and follow in the footsteps they have worn;
For their spirits are the glory of the dayspring overhead,
And their bugles blow Reveillé at the golden gates of morn.

Eden Phillpotts

[From *Plain Song, 1914–1916*. Reprinted by permission of William Heinemann, London; and The Macmillan Company, New York.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES

OCCASIONAL NOTES

Asquith, Herbert. See Occasional Notes, First Series.

Bashford, H. H. Dr. Bashford is attached to the Headquarters Staff of the British Postal Service. He has collaborated with Archibald Hurd in writing a naval history of the war, entitled *Sons of Admiralty.*

Bell, Maud Anna. Miss Bell has actively promoted the Serbian Relief Fund and other war philanthropies.

Belloc, Hilaire. He was educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He served in his youth as a driver in the 8th Regiment of French Artillery. He has written *General Sketch of the European War,* etc.

Benét, William Rose. He has been assistant editor of *The Century Magazine* since 1914. In that year he published *The Falconer of God,* and in 1916 *The Great White Wall,* both of these being collections of his poems. He became a Second Lieutenant in the Air Service, U.S.A., in February, 1918, and served in the Radio Branch of the Training Section of the Division of Military Aeronautics.

Bewsher, Paul. See First Series.

Binyon, Laurence. He worked in an Anglo-French Hospital for a time, and was a home volunteer in the anti-aircraft service. His war writings include *For Dauntless France* (a book on British Red Cross work among the French), *The Winnowing Fan, The Anvil* (published in America under the title *The Cause*), and *The New World.*

Bourdillon, Francis William. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, and has published several volumes of his poems.

Bradford, Gamaliel. He is the author of *Lee, the American; Confederate Portraits; Union Portraits;* etc.

Bridges, Robert. See First Series.

Brooke, Rupert. See First Series.

Burnet, Dana. He was in France for several months during the winter of 1917–18, as special writer for *The New York Evening Sun.*

Burr, Amelia Josephine. She is a member of the Vigi-

lantes, and has served as an instructor in Red Cross Surgical Dressings, and as a volunteer hostess at the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House, Camp Merritt. Her war poems are included in her two volumes entitled *Life and Living* and *The Silver Trumpet.*

CAMPBELL, WILFRED. See First Series.

CARMAN, BLISS. This well-known Canadian poet was born at Fredericton, N.B., April 15, 1861. He was educated at the Universities of New Brunswick and Edinburgh, and at Harvard.

CARTON, RONALD LEWIS. He is a Lieutenant in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and has served in the Balkans. He is the author of a group of poems entitled *Steel and Flowers*, 1917. He has contributed frequently to *The Times* (London) and other newspapers.

CHANNING, GRACE ELLERY. Mrs. Channing-Stetson went to France and Italy in 1916, at the instance of several American periodicals, and visited the Italian Front, entering Gorizia shortly after the Italian occupation. She spent some time also in the devastated districts of France. Her pen has been steadily active in the cause of the Allies.

CHAPMAN, JOHN JAY. He was born in New York in 1862 and was educated at Harvard. He is the author of many essays and poems, and several plays. He published in 1917 *The Letters of Victor Chapman, with Memoirs.*

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH. See First Series.

COATES, FLORENCE EARLE. Her war poems appear in *Poems* and *Pro Patria.* She is an honorary member of the Society of Arts and Letters.

CONE, HELEN GRAY. See First Series.

CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD. She has been teacher of English in Smith College since 1914. Some of her war poems are included in her volume, *Afternoons of April.* She is a member of the Poetry Society of America.

CORBETT, W. M. F. He entered the British Navy in 1904, and became a Lieutenant in 1909. He was a Turret-Officer on H.M.S. *Indomitable* during the action of November 3, 1914, off the Dardanelles; and served also in the Dogger Bank action, January 24, 1915; and at Jutland, May 31, 1916. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre in 1917, and was made a Lieutenant-Commander the same year.

COURTNEY, W. L. He is the Editor of *The Fortnightly Review.*

CREWE, LORD. The Marquess of Crewe was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He has published poems and political and literary articles. He has served as Secretary of State for the Colonies and Secretary of State for India.

DARGAN, OLIVE TILFORD. This American writer has published several plays and collections of her poems.

DAY, MILES JEFFREY GAME. He was born at St. Ives, Hunts, and was educated at Repton. At the age of eighteen he entered the Naval Air Service, and was at first allotted to technical work only, but by his importunity he secured his transfer to a fighting squadron in France. He was killed in action, as a Flight Commander, on February 27, 1918, in his twenty-second year, during a fight with six German aircraft which he had attacked single-handed, while out to sea.

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN. He founded the Volunteer Force in England, and was the first to join it, August 4, 1914, as a private in the Fifth Sussex Battalion. He has done much literary work during the war, producing especially *A History of the Great War.*

DRAPER, WILLIAM HENRY. He is the Rector of Adel, Leeds, England, and is Lecturer in English Literature in Leeds University, and for University Extension Boards at Oxford and Cambridge. His volume, *Poems of the Love of England,* contains poems of peace and war. He has lost three sons in the war.

DRINKWATER, JOHN. Mr. Drinkwater was born June 1, 1882, and was educated at Oxford High School. He has published several plays and critical essays and is interested managerially in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

DUNSANY, LORD. He was born July 24, 1878, and was educated at Eton. He served as a Lieutenant in the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, and afterward as a Captain in the 1st Battalion, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. He was wounded on April 25, 1916. He has published several volumes of tales and plays.

ELLIOT, GABRIELLE. She has written much for war organizations, such as the American Fund for French Wounded, the Nursing Committee of the Council of National Defence, etc.

Finley, John. He is President of the University of the State of New York and State Commissioner of Education. His varied war activities have included service on the National War Work Committee, Salvation Army; the Commission on Training Camp Activities; the Library War Council; the American Commission for the Work of French Restoration; the Y.M.C.A. National War Work Council; and the American University Union in Europe. He was Chairman of the Committee on War Savings of the Department of Superintendence, and of the Committee on Red Cross and Allied Subjects, N.E.A.; of the Army Educational Commission in France; and of the Red Cross Commission to Palestine.

Firkins, O. W. He is Associate Professor of English in the University of Minnesota.

Frankau, Gilbert. Upon the declaration of war he joined the Ninth East Surrey Regiment (Infantry), with the rank of Lieutenant. He was transferred to the Royal Field Artillery in March, 1915, and was appointed Adjutant during the following July. He proceeded to France in that capacity, fought in the battle of Loos, served at Ypres during the winter of 1915–16, and thereafter took part in the battle of the Somme. In October, 1916, he was recalled to England, was promoted to the rank of Staff Captain in the Intelligence Corps, and was sent to Italy to engage in special duties. He was finally invalided out of the service in February, 1918. He is the author of several books, the most recent being *The Judgment of Valhalla, One of Them*, and *The Other Side.*

Freeman, John. He has published some of his war poems under the title *Presage of Victory, and Other Poems of the Time.*

Galbraith, W. Campbell. Lieutenant-Colonel Galbraith served for three years with the Argyll and Bute Garrison Artillery; for six years with the Fourteenth Battalion, County of London Regiment; for seven years with the Second London Divisional T. & S. Column; and for four years with the Forty-seventh Divisional A.S.C. He was mentioned four times in dispatches during the Great War. From February to November, 1918, he was attached to the Admiralty as Chief Housing and Labour Officer for the N.E. Coast of England.

Galsworthy, John. See First Series.

Garrison, Theodosia. She has done much Red Cross work, and has freely helped with her pen several organiza-

tions for the development of activities connected with the war. She is a member of The Authors' League and of The Poetry Society of America.

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON. This well-known writer has served as a Private in the British Army.

GORELL, LORD. Lord Gorell was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge. He was Chairman, 1914–17, of the Greyholme Convalescent Home for Wounded and Refugees.

GRAVES, ROBERT. He is a Captain in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He served in France for eighteen months, taking part in the battles of Loos and the Somme.

HALE, KATHERINE. The pen name of Mrs. John W. Garvin, a well-known Canadian journalist and author.

HALL, JAMES NORMAN. See First Series.

HARDY, THOMAS. See First Series.

HARPER, ISABEL WESTCOTT. She is the daughter of Professor George McLean Harper, of Princeton University.

HEAD, HENRY. He has been employed in three hospitals, having charge of patients suffering from wounds of the nervous system, etc.

HEWLETT, MAURICE HENRY. See First Series.

HODGSON, WILLIAM NOEL. See First Series.

HOLMES, W. KERSLEY. He was a Lance-Corporal in the Lothians and Border Horse when the war broke out, and was called up with his regiment, which was assigned to the defence of the east coast of Scotland. He applied for a commission in the Royal Field Artillery, and went to France in October, 1915. He was slightly wounded on three different occasions: while on the Somme, in 1916; during the taking of Messines Ridge, in 1917; and near Kemmel, in 1918. *Horse-Bathing Parade* describes a scene on the sands near Dunbar during the summer of 1915.

HOUGHTON, CLAUDE. His collected war poems are entitled *The Phantom Host, and Other Verses*, 1917. He has been engaged at the British Admiralty.

JOHNSON, ROBERT UNDERWOOD. His war work has included the active chairmanship of the American Poets' Ambulances in Italy, and the presidency of the Italian War Relief Fund of America. He has published *Poems of War and Peace.*

KENDALL, GUY. He is the Headmaster of University Col-

lege School, Hampstead, London, and has published *The Call, and Other Poems.*

KILMER, JOYCE. He was born in New Brunswick, N.J., December 6, 1886. He had first joined the Officers' Reserve Corps, but soon resigned. Within seventeen days after the entrance of the United States into the war he left his journalistic career to enlist as a Private in the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, New York. Shortly before the Seventh left New York for Spartanburg, S.C., he was transferred at his own request to the 165th U.S. Infantry, formerly the 69th National Guard Regiment of New York. He accompanied the regiment as a Private to Camp Mills, Long Island. He was transferred from Company H to Headquarters Company, and became Senior Regimental Statistician. The regiment sailed for France in October, 1917, and there he was placed in the Adjutant's Office and made Sergeant. Thereafter he was attached to the Regimental Intelligence Staff as an observer, and showed great fidelity and courage in the tasks to which he was assigned. He was killed in action on July 30, 1918, while trying to locate hostile machine-guns in the Wood of the Burned Bridge, on the Ourcq. His war writings may be found in *Main Street, and other Poems*, and *Joyce Kilmer, Poems, Essays and Letters.*

KNIGHT-ADKIN, JAMES H. He was educated at Cheltenham College (Scholar) and at Keble College (Exhibitioner), Oxford, whence he was graduated with honours in History. When the war broke out he was a master at the United Services College, Windsor, a Lieutenant in the Officers' Training Corps, and active head of the College Corps. On the first day of the war he joined the Fourth Battalion of the Royal Gloucester Regiment (City of Bristol), as Lieutenant. In March, 1915, he went to the front, and was wounded at Ploegsteert in June of the same year. On recovery, being pronounced unfit for further service in the trenches, he was employed behind the line until the end of the war. He became a Captain in August, 1916.

LEDWIDGE, FRANCIS. He was born of peasant parents in County Meath, Ireland, and worked variously as a farm hand, scavenger and labourer in a copper mine. He served as a Lance-Corporal on the Flanders Front, and was killed July 31, 1917, at the age of 26 years. Lord Dunsany has

edited two volumes of Ledwidge's poems — *Songs of the Fields* and *Songs of Peace*. See Mr. O'Conor's memorial poem, "For Francis Ledwidge."

Lee, Joseph. At the outbreak of the war, he enlisted as a private in the 1st/4th Battalion of the Black Watch, Royal Highlanders, and served on all parts of the British front in France and Flanders. He received a commission in September, 1917, and was posted as Second Lieutenant to the Tenth Battalion, King's Royal Rifle Corps. He led his company in the advance on Cambrai in November, 1917, but was captured by the Germans. He has published *Ballads of Battle*.

Le Gallienne, Richard. He was born at Liverpool, January 20, 1866, and resides at Rowayton, Connecticut. He has published many poems and essays.

Letts, Winifred M. She has published *Hallowe'en, and Poems of the War*. She served in 1915 as a V.A.D. nurse in Manchester Base Hospital, and later joined the Almeric Paget Military Massage Corps, working at Command Depot Camps at Manchester and Alnwick. She served also at an Orthopædic Hospital in Blackrock, Dublin.

Lowell, Amy. Miss Lowell provided libraries of modern poetry for all the training camps in the United States, and for several hospitals. Her war poems appear in *Men, Women and Ghosts*, etc.

MacGill, Patrick. He was born in Donegal in 1890. He joined the British Army on the outbreak of the war and was wounded at Loos in 1915. He has published *The Great Push, Soldier Songs*, etc.

Mackay, Isabel Ecclestone. She is Vice-President for British Columbia of the Canadian Women's Press Club, which has engaged in many practical war activities.

MacKaye, Percy. His war writings include *The Evergreen Tree, The Roll Call*, and *Washington, the Man Who Made Us*.

Manning, Frederic. He enlisted in the King's (Shropshire) Light Infantry in October, 1915, and served in France with the Seventh Battalion through the Battle of the Somme, 1916. He was an officer in the Royal Irish Regiment, between May, 1917, and February, 1918, when he resigned his commission. He is the author of *Eidola*.

Masefield, John. See First Series.

Mastin, Florence Ripley. She is a teacher of English Literature in Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, N.Y.

McCrae, John. He was born in Guelph, Ontario, Canada, November 30, 1872, and was educated at the Guelph Collegiate Institute and the University of Toronto, being graduated in arts in 1894 and in medicine four years later. He did advanced work at Johns Hopkins, and returned to Canada to join the staff of the Medical School of McGill University. For a time he was Professor of Pathology at the University of Vermont. He served as Lieutenant of Artillery in the South African Field Force during 1899–1900, won the Queen's Medal with three clasps, and was made commanding officer of the Sixteenth Battery. When the Great War broke out in 1914 he was in London, and joined the First Brigade of Canadian Artillery as surgeon. He served in the Ypres sector for fourteen months, but after the second battle of Ypres was transferred to Boulogne, and placed in charge of the Medical Division of the McGill Canadian General Hospital. Here he served for over two years. Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae (C.A.M.C.) died suddenly of pneumonia and meningitis, January 28, 1918. Shortly before his death he was appointed consultant to one of the British Army Areas. A memorial tablet in his honour has been placed in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Morgan, Charles Langbridge. See First Series.

Munro, Neil. He was born in Inverary, Scotland, June 3, 1864, and is widely known as a writer of Scottish romances. He was in France as a correspondent during the first few months of the war, and was with the British and French Armies in Picardy and Verdun in the winter of 1916–17, as representing the Scottish and English Press for the Foreign Office.

Murray, A. E. She has served as a nurse in a military hospital, and has driven cars and motorcycles for the R.F.C. and the Red Cross, the latter in France.

Newbolt, Sir Henry. See First Series.

Nichols, Robert. He was born at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, in 1893. When the war broke out he was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Oxford, but he entered the Army immediately, and was commissioned as Second Lieutenant, R.F.A., Oct. 13, 1914. After a year of service (including several

weeks at the Front), he was disabled by wounds and shell shock. He spent five months in a hospital and was invalided out of service in 1916. Thereafter he was employed by the British Ministry of Labour. He went back to France, for a time, as a correspondent, and visited the United States in 1918–19 as a lecturer. He has published several groups of his war poems under the title, *Ardours and Endurances*.

Noyes, Alfred. See First Series.

O'Brien, Edward Joseph. He was born in Boston, December 10, 1890, and was educated at Boston College and Harvard. He is a member of the New England Poetry Club, The Poetry Society of America, and the American Drama League.

O'Conor, Norreys Jephson. His poetical drama, *The Fairy Bride*, was produced in New York at a benefit performance for wounded Irish soldiers in the British Army, under the auspices of the British War Relief Association.

Ogilvie, William Henry. He was Professor of Agricultural Journalism in the Iowa State College, U.S.A., from 1905 to 1907. At the beginning of the war he entered the Remount Department, but ill health prevented long service. Afterward he worked on the land, and was assigned to the Army Reserve in 1918. His war writings include *Australia and Other Verses*.

Owen, Everard. He has served as Chaplain to a V.A.D. Hospital at Bicester, England. His war poems appear in *Three Hills, and Other Poems*.

Oxland, Nowell. He was born December 21, 1890, and was educated at Durham and at Worcester College, Oxford. He sailed for the Dardanelles July 30, 1915, and was killed at Suvla Bay, August 9.

Pain, Barry. He served during the year 1915–16 in the A.A.C., R.N.V.R., on a Searchlight Station, and was afterward appointed to the London Appeal Tribunal.

Phillpotts, Eden. See First Series.

Rawnsley, Rev. Hardwicke Drummond. See First Series.

Rees, G. E. Rev. G. E. Rees is a Master of Arts (Oxon.). He was awarded the prize at the Welsh National Eisteddfod, 1911, for his version of the Welsh National Anthem in English.

Roberts, Cecil. He is Literary Editor of the *Liverpool Post*, and has served as Special Correspondent with the Grand

Fleet, Dover Patrol, Milford Haven Convoy, and the Royal Air Force. During the war he acted as Administrator in the American Department of the British Ministry of Munitions. He is a Vice-President of the British Poetry Society, and the author of several volumes of poems.

ROBERTS, MORLEY. He has published *War Lyrics.*

ROSS, SIR RONALD. See First Series.

SASSOON, SIEGFRIED. He was born in 1889, and was educated at Marlborough, and at Christ Church, Oxford. He has fought in both France and Palestine. He is a Captain in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and has received the Military Cross. *Counter-Attack, and Other Poems* contains some of his war verse.

SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN. A well-known American poet who has served as First Lieutenant in the 313th Infantry, American Expeditionary Force.

SCOLLARD, CLINTON. See First Series.

SCOTT, DUNCAN CAMPBELL. He is Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Dominion of Canada. He was born at Ottawa on August 2, 1862, is the author of several volumes of prose and verse, and is a member of the Canadian Society of Authors and of the Royal Society of Canada.

SCOTT, FREDERICK GEORGE. He enlisted with the First Canadian Contingent in 1914, arrived in France in February, 1915, and served as Senior Chaplain of the First Canadian Division, being present at every engagement in which the Division took part. In January, 1916, he was made a C.M.G., and in August, 1918, received the D.S.O. for services rendered during the Battle of Amiens. He is an Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel, and in civil life is Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec. One of his sons was killed during the war, and two were wounded. Canon Scott was himself severely wounded during the Battle of Cambrai. His war poems appear in *In the Battle Silences.*

SEAMAN, SIR OWEN. See First Series.

SHAKESPEARE, W. G. Captain Shakespeare, during most of the period of the war, was Medical Officer to the Seventeenth Lancers, and afterward served as a surgeon at a Base Hospital.

SHEPARD, ODELL. He is Goodwin Professor of English at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. Several of his war poems appear in his volume entitled *A Lonely Flute.*

Sherman, Stuart P. He is Professor of English in the University of Illinois. His pamphlet, *American and Allied Ideals*, has been widely read. In June, 1918, he read his Phi Beta Kappa poem, "Redemption," at Harvard University.

Smith, C. Fox. She has written *Fighting Men*, a collection of her war poems published in 1916.

Smith, Marion Couthouy. She is a member of the Vigilantes, the American Defence Society, and the American Rights League. Her war poems appear in the volume entitled *The Final Star*.

Sorley, Charles Hamilton. See First Series.

Tennant, Edward Wyndham. See First Series.

Thayer, Sigourney. He served as a First Lieutenant in the Aviation Corps, U.S.A., and was on active service in France.

Trotter, Bernard Freeman. He was born in Toronto, Canada, June 16, 1890. His father, the late Professor Thomas Trotter, D.D., of McMaster University, became President of Acadia University in 1895, and Bernard accordingly spent the next ten years of his young life in Nova Scotia. He was educated at the Horton Collegiate Academy, Wolfville, N.S.; Woodstock College, Ontario; and McMaster University, which he entered in 1910, after spending three years in California for physical reasons. He received his B.A. degree in 1915, and, having already joined an Officers' Training Corps, made several efforts to obtain a commission, which, however, he did not secure, on account of doubt concerning his full physical fitness, until after a course of training in England during 1916. He was attached to a Pioneer Battalion, and afterward was temporarily appointed Assistant Transport Officer. In this capacity he met death from shell fire May 7, 1917, and was buried in the Military Cemetery at Mazingarbe. His poems were published in 1917, under the title, *A Canadian Twilight, and Other Poems of War and of Peace*.

Tynan, Katharine. Mrs. Katharine Tynan-Hinkson has published several volumes of war poems, including *Flower of Youth, The Holy War, Late Songs*, and *Herb of Grace*. She has done much nursing and other philanthropic work during the war, and has had two sons serving in Palestine and France, respectively.

Van Dyke, Henry. See First Series.

Warren, G. O. Her war poems appear in the volume entitled *Trackless Regions*. Mrs. Fiske Warren is Secretary and Treasurer of the Belgian Refugees' Knitting Yarn Fund, which is the American Branch of the Chelsea War Refugees' Fund. She has rendered fruitful service in this regard since December, 1914. She resides in Harvard, Mass.

Watson, Sir William. Since 1880 he has devoted himself to poetry. He was created a Knight in 1917.

Wharton, Edith. See First Series.

Wilson, Marjorie. She has published several war poems in British periodicals. Her war work has included service in the War Relief Office and V.A.D. nursing at Netley.

Wilson, T. P. Cameron. He was born in South Devon, England, and was educated at Exeter, Clifton College, and Oxford. His literary bent soon became evident, and he frequently contributed to leading British periodicals, sometimes under the *nom de plume* "Tipuca." He produced one novel, *The Friendly Enemy*. At the outbreak of the war he was a master in Mount Arlington School, Hindhead, Surrey. His fine service on the Brigade Staff and in the Tenth Sherwood Foresters gained him a captaincy. He was killed in action, March 23, 1918, near Hermies, by a machine-gun bullet, dying almost instantly. The afternoon before he fell he crawled out into No Man's Land, and carried back one of his men who was lying on the wire entanglements. He was twenty-nine years old when he met his death. The Colonel of the Brigade Staff describes him as "a most gallant lad and charming companion. He dined with me the night before his battalion was ordered up, and I was very anxious about his safety when the fight started, — much more anxious, I am sure, than he was himself. . . . He would have had a great future." Captain Wilson was the second son of the Rev. T. Cameron Wilson, of the Vicarage, Little Eaton, Derby, and the brother of Miss Marjorie Wilson, whose work is also represented in this volume. "To Tony" (*q.v.*) is written in his memory.

Wodehouse, E. Armine. In May, 1916, he obtained a commission in the Scots Guards. He was wounded on September 15, 1916, during the Battle of the Somme. Since then, he has served in British Government Departments in London.

His poems have been collected into a volume entitled *On Leave.*

WOODS, MARGARET L. During 1916 and 1917 Mrs. Woods assisted in the work for refugees conducted by the Hostels Américains et Foyer Franco-Belge, presided over by Mrs. Edith Wharton. She then served with the Women's Emergency Canteens (Les Dames Anglaises) working for French soldiers at Compiègne. Late in 1918 she became Lecturer on English Literature in the British Government plan for the education of the Army behind the Lines.

YOUNG, E. HILTON. He served for a year with the British Grand Fleet as an extra private secretary to Admiral Jellicoe. He was then attached to Admiral Trowbridge's Mission to Serbia, and held a small independent command at Semendria, on the Danube, when it was overwhelmed by the German invasion. His gallant conduct there gained him the Serbian War Medal "For Valour." Thereafter he assisted in the transference of the remaining Serbian Army from San Giovanni di Medua, and received the Order of Kara George (with swords) for his service to Serbia. After serving with Admiral Tyrwhitt in the Channel, he was appointed to a Naval Siege Gun Battery at Nieuport les Bains, Flanders, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross. During the assault on Zeebrugge he was Second Lieutenant of the *Vindictive,* and received wounds which caused the loss of his right arm. He was promoted to be Lieutenant Commander, and was assigned to further duty on the Murmansk Coast of North Russia. He is a Member of Parliament for the City of Norwich.

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